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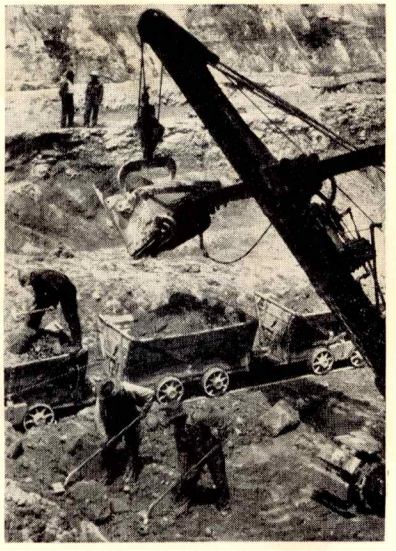

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Swipe the baby's Scottie and sister's little tam, for ye'll be a needin' them in Manitou-land. Be on yer way now, laddies; and we'll meet you Comin' through the Rye.

Pull your purse strings tighter, and read between the lines. If pages squeak, you must forgive, for even they've gone Scotch.

by GENEROSE AUERMILLER '39

Hildegarde Riederer, Editor . . . Generose Auermiller, Shirley Elfner, Associates

February, 1939
Lincoln High School
Manitowoc, Wisconsin
N.S.P.A., All American, 1938
Vol. XXX

a fling of fancy

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the STOLEN PAINTING

by PAULA GRAFF '39

FIRST PLACE PLAY

Presented at the play festival, January 25, by the dramatics classes, directed by Mr. F. A. Novitski, THE STOLEN PAINTING is already known and appreciated by a large audience. The version herein presented will be, we hope, in some measure as enjoyable as the dramatic.

★ ★ ★ ★

SCENE:

The living room of the Barnett summer home on Lost Lake. There is a fireplace over which two pictures hang, with a noticeably blank space directly above. French windows on the right lead to a terrace. A door on the left leads into the house. Two davenports are in front of the fireplace. A radio, a desk, and a chair face the audience. The curtain rises. We hear voices, and see Bob's leg sticking up from one davenport and Juliana curled up on the other davenport.

TIME:

Morning in July.

CAST:

Mrs. Barnett . . *an eccentric old lady interested only in original paintings, and her grandchildren, Juliana and Bob.*

Juliana Arlington . . *sixteen years old and a pest, in Bob's opinion.*

Bob Arlington . . *eighteen years old, a "Man about Town." He is studying mathematics this summer to pass college entrance examinations in fall.*

James . . *the butler*

Professor Hibbard . . *the mathematics teacher, alias Pete the Painter, hired recently with good references.*

Kenneth . . *the gardener.*

★ ★ ★ ★

JUL. . . . . Gee, Bob, quit mumbling. It's annoying.

BOB . . . . . I'm not mumbling. I'm studying MATHEMATICS.

JUL. . . . . Well, if you'd quit studying and find the picture, you'd be better off. After all, it was at your party last night that it was stolen and you—

BOB . . . . . Sh! I hear some one coming. (*The butler enters, carrying a package.*)

JAMES . . . . . Here is the picture from town. The gardener brought it in.

BOB . . . . . Did you tell him why I wanted it?

JAMES . . . . . Yes, I had to, but I warned him not to say anything.

BOB . . . . . Good! Let's hang it up right away. (*They unwrap it.*)

JUL. . . . . I'll call Kenneth to hang it for us. (*Exit Juliana through the French windows.*)

JAMES . . . . . I hope this change won't be noticed by Mrs. Barnett, sir. You know she left instructions that there shouldn't be any parties while she was away. (*Enter Prof.*)

PROF. . . . . My! What's all this fuss about? Bob, you should be studying.

BOB . . . . . (*Groans.*) I guess you'll have to know, too. A picture was stolen last night while some friends were here. We're trying to duplicate it before Grandma gets back.

(*Enter Juliana and Kenneth with a ladder.*)

KEN. . . . . Was the picture all right, sir?

BOB . . . . . I think so. Can you hang it?

KEN. . . . . (*Hangs it over the fireplace.*) Is that even?

JUL. . . . . Yes, it is.

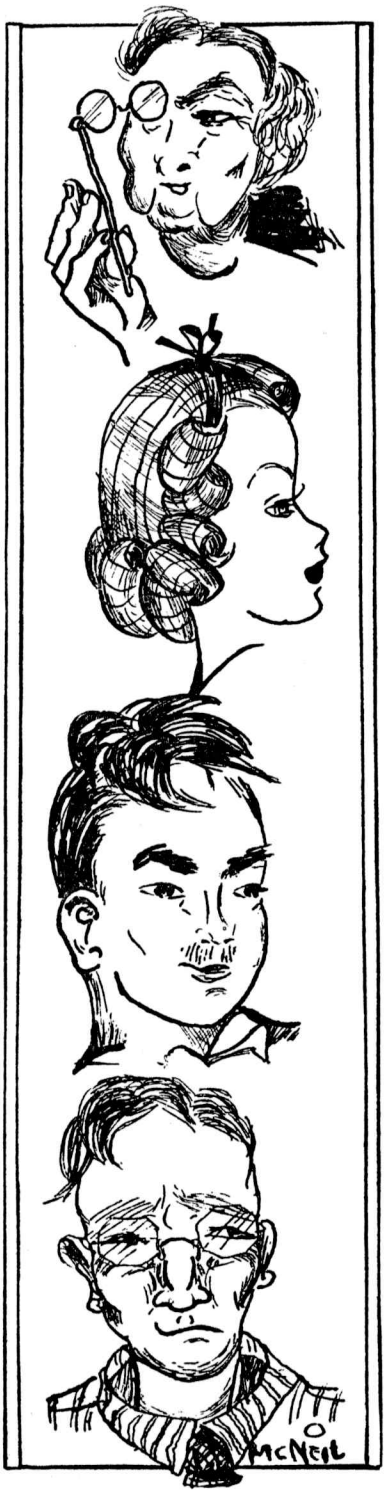
KEN. . . . . (*Comes down and looks at the picture.*) Sir, that frame is newer looking than the original.

BOB . . . . . (*Groans.*) Good grief! Grandma will surely notice that.

KEN. . . . . I could fix that. A thin coat of dark varnish would make it appear older.

JUL. . . . . It takes an expert to do an aging job on a painting. Fur-

Illustrated by Irene McNeil, '40



Curtain Call!

thermore, we expect them home tomorrow.

KEN. . . . . May I try?

PROF. . . . . Why not let him try? It can't hurt any.

BOB . . . . . O. K.

JUL. . . . . I hope you can fix it. (*Exit Kenneth with picture and ladder.*) But Bob, we still have to find the original.

BOB . . . . . I know it! Must you remind me?

PROF. . . . . There's nothing you can do now, Bob, so we might as well study a little.

BOB . . . . . That too?

PROF. . . . . Well, Bob, that was the idea when your grandmother engaged—

BOB . . . . . O. K., O. K., forget I said anything. (*Begins to study. Prof. watches James. Juliana turns to the news broadcast on the radio.*)

RADIO . . . . . "and he is light complexioned. We believe him to be the man who has stolen several paintings from homes on Lost Lake. If any one knows the whereabouts of a man answering to the previous description, get in touch with your local police. It is believed that the robber is Pete the Painter, escaped convict. For further information keep tuned to this station."

PROF. . . . . Turn that off, Juliana. Bob must have it quiet.

JUL. . . . . All right, but I think we should get a complete description of the robber.

PROF. . . . . There haven't been any strangers around, and the picture was missed after Bob's friends left.
(*Juliana exits – Butler enters.*)

JAMES . . . . . A telegram for you, sir.

BOB . . . . . Telegram? For me?

JAMES . . . . . Yes, sir.

BOB . . . . . (*Opens it and gives a loud shriek.*)

JUL. . . . . (*Enters.*) Good gosh! What's wrong?

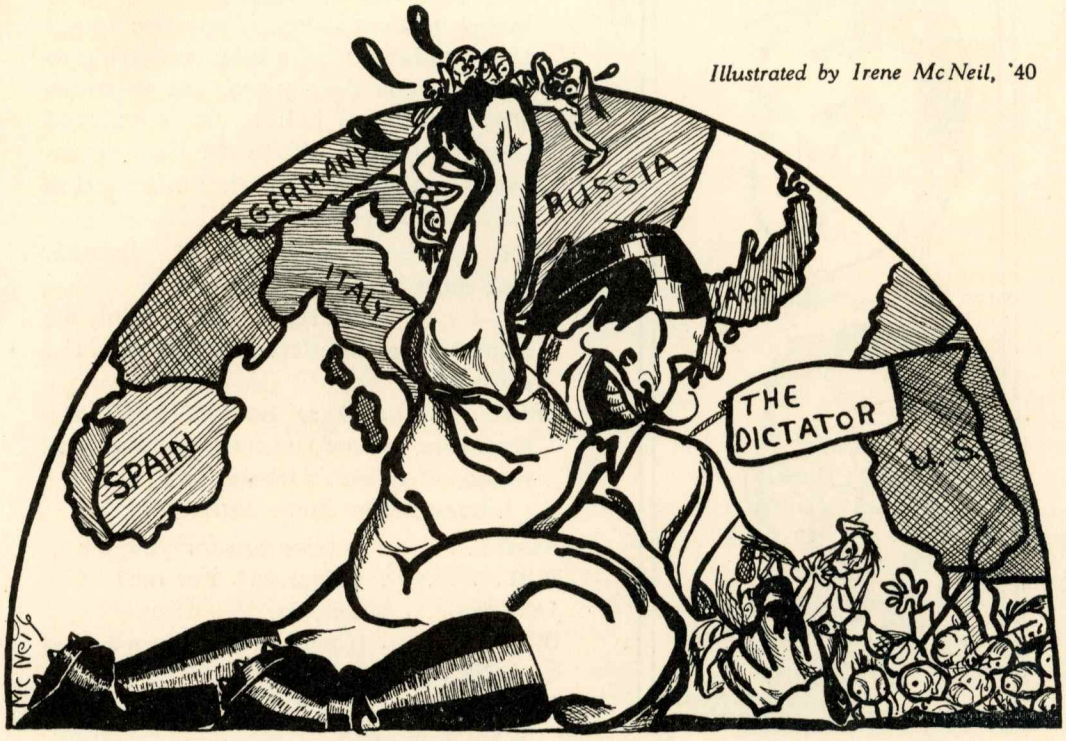
(*Continued on page 53*)

Help Me,

★ They're shooting me down in Spain! They're murdering me in China! They're cramming me into the muzzle of a cannon in Germany, crushing me under the wheel of a gun in Italy! Can't you hear my cries all around you? Yes, I mean you, America—Can't you hear me! I don't want to die, I don't want to have my mind poisoned with baseless hatred toward my fellow men, I don't want to kill any one! I'm just an ordinary, average human being. All I get out of this horrible business is death, suffering, poverty. Help me, now, America—or later you may not be able to help even yourself!

What can you do to help me? You can do more than any one else in the world to set me free. You are rich and powerful. Your voice can be heard above all others when the roll call of mighty nations is taken. And you want peace! There is your strong point. Use your influence to join united front to those insane individuals who want to dominate the world. Your fight will be against me. Some of us are held in check

Illustrated by Irene McNeil, '40



—Loved ones dying before your eyes—, Dictatorship!—Oppression!

AMERICA!

by LLOYD KRONSNOBLE '39
FIRST PLACE EDITORIAL

★ **"Help Me, America," first place editorial, vividly portrays the plea of poor, war-oppressed countries. Slaving under dictatorial rule, they plead for help. Shall we save ourselves by helping them, or shall we, too, lie in ruin?**

through threats, some through belief in false doctrines. But our chains are effective only so long as our oppressor is in complete control. He dares not lose face before those he has cowered with false propaganda, and he must possess the full support of our nations' armed forces in order to keep the "unbelievers" in subjection. Once he begins to slip, once there is some drastic interference in his plans—he's done! And your task is to make him slip!

You must strive to make the profit motive subservient to a desire to insure peace and apply rigid economic sanctions and boycotts against our nations. The concentrated effort of peace-loving countries will throw the smooth machinery of militaristic dictatorship out of order. Our personal economic suffering will be justified in that our masses will grow discontented and will wax bold enough to roar defiance to the leader who is making us pull this heavy load. Without men, money, and material, our dictatorial governments must collapse—and we will hasten the process!

I caution you on one point. While engaged in the task of remedying the evils of the world, be on your guard, lest you, too, slip down to our level. Cling to your democracy as the surest possible way of securing happiness, prosperity, and peace. Educate your youth—and yourself—more fully in the values of peace over war. It is futile to try to hitch Progress and War to the same wagon; a people cannot create and destroy at the same time. Preach the doctrines of peace throughout the world. Secure a universal desire for peace and a violent dislike for force as a means of settling disputes. Keep always to your ultimate goal—world-wide peace.

I leave you now, America, praying that you will heed my plea. It is your duty to inaugurate a new era of international cooperation, helpfulness, and friendship. You will undoubtedly have to make some sacrifices in pursuing this course, but make them by all means! It is too late when bombs drop from the sky, when your loved ones die before your eyes, when a dictator beats you to insensibility for daring to love liberty!

Help me now, America—and save yourself!

The wind moans its tale of grief as nature conquers in COLD

by ALVIN LOEFFLER '39
FIRST PLACE SKETCH (TIE)

ALL THAT could be heard above the moaning of the wind was a steady thud of weary feet upon the barren trail.

Summer had long since departed. The trees, stripped of their sheltering foliage, were drawn and haggard and seemed to let the cold blue sky descend upon him with all the fury of its baffling immensity. Not a sign of life was stirring; he seemed to be in a world of death.

He had a long walk ahead of him. He reckoned it might take all night. His lonesome heart, hardened to the solitudes of the wilderness, grew contented in these melancholy airs.

As he trudged from grove to grove, now to a small clearing, then to more gnarled sentinels again, the boldness of his warmly clothed body in that world of desolate waste froze an indelible mask of fear upon his brain. That warm red sun, now silhouetting the forest in the west, would soon be out of sight. The crisp air whipped a host of snowflakes past his face as they haughtily danced in defiance to his strength.

He laughed back at the elements but, as mile upon mile down the trail he walked, he knew not what the cause was, but he labored hard with little gain. His spirit was tremendous! Determination alone spurred him on. The whole world's winds against him could not have blown his set mind from him.

Near the top of a frozen wind-swept hill he paused. With crazed desperation, he staggered on, but strength was failing him. His aching knees buckled beneath his weight and he sank exhausted near the path.

"Cease, you elements—you vain pursuing monsters!" he gasped in humble servitude. "See, I am overcome by you! I surrender to you! Take me away!"

But he listened with tears of death in his eyes.

The wind still moaned its tale of grief and woe, and the snowflakes blanketed the earth with the silence of the grave.

O Weaklings

by IRENE McNEIL '40

Cry! Cry ye trees. . . . . .
Sob your hearts away.
Whimper to the seas
That frame your bed of pain.

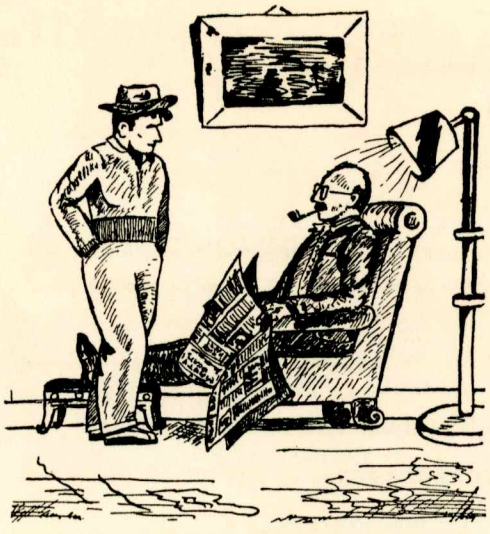
Sway! Sway ye trees . . . . . .
At insistence of your Master,
Yea. Bow to the breeze.

DAWN'S DELIGHT

by DORIS WAGE '40
FIRST PLACE POETRY

A silvery path of moonlight
Has crept across the sky,
Has lighted hills and lowlands,
But passed the forest by.
Here only brave will linger
Or pass when all is still;
For man has little friendship
With bear or deer, until
The star that beamed so brightly,
When last we gazed on high,
Has faded to a pin point,
And splendor fills the sky.

The first faint rays of sunlight
Have touched the pine trees proud,
Have skipped across the hilltops,
Caressed the billowy cloud,
Have leaped into the valleys,
And glided o'er the lakes,
Have sung to man and beast alike,
"Another day awakes."



-- Time I am polite to Father -- when I get my allowance.

Yep! that's me!

by KENNETH RUSCH '41

FIRST PLACE ESSAY

Illustrated by Douglas Taubert, '39

Remember how we all shuddered at the movie *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* a few years ago? It was the story of a scientist who inflicted a dual personality upon himself by experimentation. But all of us, scientifically minded or not, definitely possess characteristics, not only of Mr. Hyde, but also of Mrs. Hyde, and all of the little Hydeouses.

Take me, for instance. My father tells me I am everything from deficient to an indolent parasite. He says my mouth is much too large to feed properly, that by the bills it seems apparent I am a walking clothier, and that the only time I am ever polite to him is once weekly, when I collect my allowance. He sees in me a gangling adolescent, painfully awkward, except when I come to him with enough nerve to ask for the car for the evening.

And yet, when among friends and relatives, he would have them know that I am the pride and joy of his life. When he remarks to friends jovially, "Well, no, he doesn't always make the honor roll, but I was a boy once myself," I recall, painfully, previous stern lectures on report cards.

That demonstrates the "Hyde" in him. And then there's me. Funny, by how many names I call my father. Whenever I am in his imposing presence, I refer respectfully to him as "Father." However, as soon as I am with the fellows, he becomes the "old man" or "the old windbag." And when I speak of him to my brother, he is the "General."

Thus, I try to make my dad think I'm respectful to the hoary head. I try to make the fellows think I'm a regular guy. And I try to make my brother think I don't give a hoot. So, every one gets a different opinion of me. That's how it is with everything I do.

My older brother considers me a fresh, dumb upstart who insists on wearing his ties, socks, and even his suits. To him, I am a slovenly "kid brother" who reads his letters and leaves clothes lying all over the house.

My younger sister thinks I am a selfish tyrant. When her wheedling for a nickel fails, she insists on telling my mother about that note I left on the table. She, too, thinks I'm lazy when I refuse to help her with the dishes or run errands. She does not realize that the artistic mind at work should not be disturbed.

Mother says I'm a grouch, a monosyllabic conversant, and a general good-for-nothing. And the opinion

(Continued on page 67)

Appreciation

by ROSE MARY MORRIS '39
SECOND PLACE SKETCH

12:30 P.M. —Heavy traffic, noise, people crowding; the air, biting and sharp, urging people on to a faster pace. Each person has his own destination in mind—each has his own problems.

Mr. August Schmitz was just one of the crowd, but I mention him because I noticed him above all the others. He was a striking individual. It wasn't his clothes; they weren't extraordinary, but there was something about him. . . . .

As he walked briskly down the street, he glanced at the people near him with respect, and a spark of desire kindled in his intelligent gray eyes. By the way he carried his shoulders, by the very turn of his head, I could see he had confidence in himself and in every one about him.

When he drew near the court house, his step quickened, and his eyes sparkled with eager anticipation. A smile hovered about his lips and his expression said as clearly as words, "This is the day!"

"Mr. August Schmitz—Next."

He stepped up before the stand, looked at the judge confidently, and uttered distinctly, "At last I am to be an American citizen."

1:00 P.M. —Heavy traffic, noise, people crowding; and in the crowd was a man who seemed just a bit superior to the others. He appreciated his American citizenship!

SPINNAKER SAIL

by HOWARD GOODHEW '41

Like a low-lying cloud,
O'er the ocean a-flying,
It's kept by a shroud,
To hold the winds' sighing.
A billowy burst,
The most wonderful sight,
When you see it at first,
Bearing off to the right.
Its course is unerring,
Its wake a white trail,
You've seen a sloop bearing
A spinnaker sail.

Through the Ages

With the "Up" Hair-do

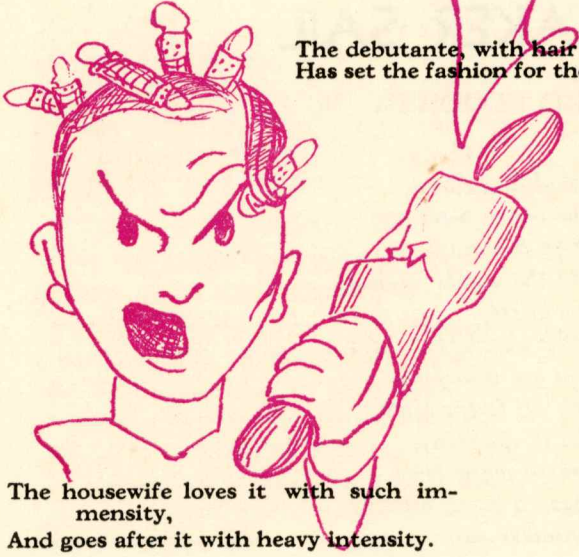
We start with the babe, who
begins the new style:
Wets the topknot, and comes
up with a smile.

Next the child, to continue the trend,
To curl that mop, an effort will bend.

Drawings by IRENE McNEIL '40

Rhymes by JERI VANDE GRIFT '40

The debutante, with hair upswirled,
Has set the fashion for the world.



The housewife loves it with such im-
mensity,
And goes after it with heavy intensity.

The tale ends with Grandma, last to be
done
In the style which it seems is an *age*-less
one.

He knew it was now or never to get

Revenge

by LLOYD KRONSNOBLE '39
FIRST PLACE SHORT STORY

JOE Armstrong hated a man, hated him with all his might. Right now he stood in a dark alley, waiting for the object of his hatred to walk unsuspectingly by. At that moment Joe Armstrong would have the revenge for which he had already braved the icy air of this January night to crouch for a half hour in the deep shadows of the alley—and for which he would, if caught, receive a penalty having the reverse effect of the cold surrounding him. He shivered a little as that last idea struck him, shivered, also, because his flimsy jacket wasn't very effective against the wintry assault. But his hatred gained the saddle again as he thought over the events that led up to his present position, warmed him from head to toe, and resigned him to his purpose.

Geoffrey P. Hawthorne had first entered his life, and Judy's, three weeks ago. It was on one of those freak days when Old Sol shines with midsummer ferocity in midwinter that the financial magnate's limousine had splashed Judy from head to foot with slush as it slued around the corner. Joe had witnessed the incident from his room across the street, had also seen the car stop, emit the portly and apologizing figure of "G.P." Hawthorne, and then roll away with Judy in the back seat. That was the start of everything.

When he dropped around to see her that evening, a different Judy met him. Before, she had always been glad to see him, and had asked him about his work, and had listened interestedly as he told her of the day's affairs. Now she wasn't the least bit interested in what he had to say, and would interrupt his every sentence with "Mr. Hawthorne says" or "Mr. Hawthorne thinks" or with a description of the "beautiful coat" Mr. Hawthorne was going to give her to replace the one his chauffeur had ruined. Joe soon saw that he had toppled from his throne as king of Judy's affections.

During the weeks that followed, Joe Armstrong saw less and less of Judy. The fact that he saw her at all was solely because his pride wasn't quite strong enough to overcome his interest. Every time he did go to see her, though, he left with a resolution never to return. Each visit added insult to injury. One time he was treated to a solo style show, with Judy as performer and Mr. Hawthorne's "lovely gifts" as props. "Don't you think Mr. Hawthorne is awfully nice to give me these beautiful clothes, Joe?" Judy asked. Joe said he did; he knew he didn't; he knew he hated the man for it. Joe was jealous,

(Continued on page 78)

Which, then, are

LIFE

I see men killing each other;

I see men crazed with fear and the lust of killing;

Men engaged in the age-old pastime of war.

I see men robbing and murdering their fellows in an attempt to live;

I see each individual in an undying struggle against the laws of nature and of man.

New glory for OLD GLORY

by JEANNETTE ROEDER '39

"John, can you recite a poem that will help us remember the month in which the battle of Lexington was fought?"

Bill, sitting in the third row, saw John rise and begin:

By the rude bridge that arched o'er the flood,
The flag to April's breeze unfurled;
Here once the embattled farmer stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

Mentally Bill could see that rude, wooden bridge with the undisturbed stream flowing below and the peaceful heaven above. At one end of a rough stick flew a flag. Had it been 1777 instead of 1775, it would have been the stars and stripes and not the British banner.

That flag had only thirteen stars and stripes. Bill could picture those colonial patriots in their homespun clothing and their mean guns coming around a bend in the road, the sight of the red, white, and blue bringing shouts of renewed encouragement from all.

Bill's eyes traveled unconsciously to the flag out on the school grounds. It was furling and unfurling in the breeze. Suddenly it occurred to Bill: "Why don't I get a thrill out of looking at the flag?" Bill was aware that it was actually a feeling of detachment that he had, as though this flag were not for him. It floats above the campus every day and one accepts it as a part of the scheme, like the elm tree and the school bell.

"Why doesn't a feeling of pride surge over me when I look at our flag?" Bill asked himself. He could not answer, but he further acknowledged that when he rose to his feet with a group to say, "I pledge allegiance to the Flag, etc.," it was mere symbolism and meant little to him.

Those pioneer patriots of ours in 1780 fought and sacrificed their lives that their nation, for which this flag

the blessed?

by HUGH BONAR '39
SECOND PLACE POETRY

I see a robin gaily hopping on the green,

Plunging his bill into the earth in search of food;

I see a fluffy kitten chasing its elusive tail.

I see an eagle soaring majestically over towering peaks, reveling in the clean, cold air;

I see a rabbit gamboling through a field, filled with the pleasure of living.

was a visible emblem, could continue. Billy could see those men—Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, and Adams, swelling with pride at the sight of Betsy Ross' first flag. Each star and stripe meant something living, something great to them. Behind each one was a history of struggle and endurance. Each star and stripe was a banner of victory earned for themselves and their posterity.

Surely, with the achievements and improvements of two centuries we should be more proud of our flag than ever before. Why aren't we?

That night at dinner Bill asked, "Dad, how do you feel when you look at the flag of the United States?"

"Well, son, I never thought a great deal about it. It seems to me that the flag is, in the main, something to be carried at the head of the Fourth of July parade and on occasions of that sort."

"But, Dad, doesn't that seem wrong to you? It must have meant a lot more to people when our country was young."

"Maybe so. Pass the bread, please, Bill."

Bill got little satisfaction from this interview and decided to put the question out of mind for the present. Just then the radio:

"International News Service presents the daily news report.

"Flash! Adolph Hitler has demanded that all restaurants, grocery stores, drug stores, theaters, concert halls, and other places of amusement close their doors to the Jews. Today sixty of the former Jewish aristocracy in Berlin were arrested. Their property has been confiscated by the government and they are now living on bread and water in concentration camps. Goering has suggested that all Jewish words be stricken from books. This changes the Bible. Furthermore, Hitler has had the school children write a list of all kinfolk in foreign countries.

"Italy . . . Amidst grumblings and disturbance in Europe, Mussolini has added two hours to the training day of his 'infant' army, those young-

(Continued on page 75)

THE INSPIRATION OF *Lincoln*

by LEN ROY KOUTNIK '40
SECOND PLACE EDITORIAL (TIE)

▲ ▲ ▲

MEN OF vision, who were appreciative of natural beauty and its effect upon others, selected the site of our own Lincoln High School. Men and women, recognizing in Lincoln a great leader and model for youth to pattern, selected his name as fitting for this beautiful structure where modern facilities have made possible higher education.

I like to feel that the spirit of Lincoln, the nobility of character, the kindliness that was so characteristic of him, become the heritage of those privileged to attend here. I like to feel that the same unselfish motives for which he was loved and respected will be fostered in the student of the school bearing his name. The diligence with which he gained an education under the unfavorable circumstances surrounding his environment should be an inspiration for those seeking greater knowledge. The strength of will to carry on under more favorable conditions should be ours. While we may enjoy in comfort every advantage of modern education, we can appreciate by contrast the sacrifice and effort he made to secure an education. In all his greatness, Lincoln never lost the simplicity and honesty of his youth. If these qualities can be brought to our students, the inspiration will be more fully realized.

The mural above the stage in our auditorium calls to our attention the need of friendship among our fellow men. Peace and harmony, so necessary to our progress and happiness, can only be maintained by sincere friendship. During his life, Lincoln tried to promote this feeling of friendship between the North and the South. These sections, embittered by conflicting ideas, were unwilling to compromise peacefully. Lincoln realized that many of the slaves in the South were well cared for and kindly treated; but knew, too, that the privilege of slave ownership was abused by many to such an extent that it was a sordid reflection on a country where all men were created free and equal. The Emancipation Proclamation issued by him removed the blot of slavery from our country.

To our leaders today, he leaves an example of simple honesty in dealing with great problems. The words, "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us do our duty as we understand it," may well become the motto of those to whom Lincoln is an inspiration.

Defined

Bands, colored uniforms, handsome soldiers marching—that's not the **gory** of war!

Kenneth Rusch '41

Heather And Yon--

BOAT AND BRIDGE

by ROBERT BAYNE '40
FIRST PLACE PHOTO

Speed Graphic on tripod, F:32, Panchro press film, 30 ft., 1 sec. Daylight. Scene: Manitowoc River

by
TED PAULY '39

Eastman Kodak, F:11, Eastman Kodak Verichrome film, 15 ft., 1-50 sec. Daylight. Taken at London Zoo, England.

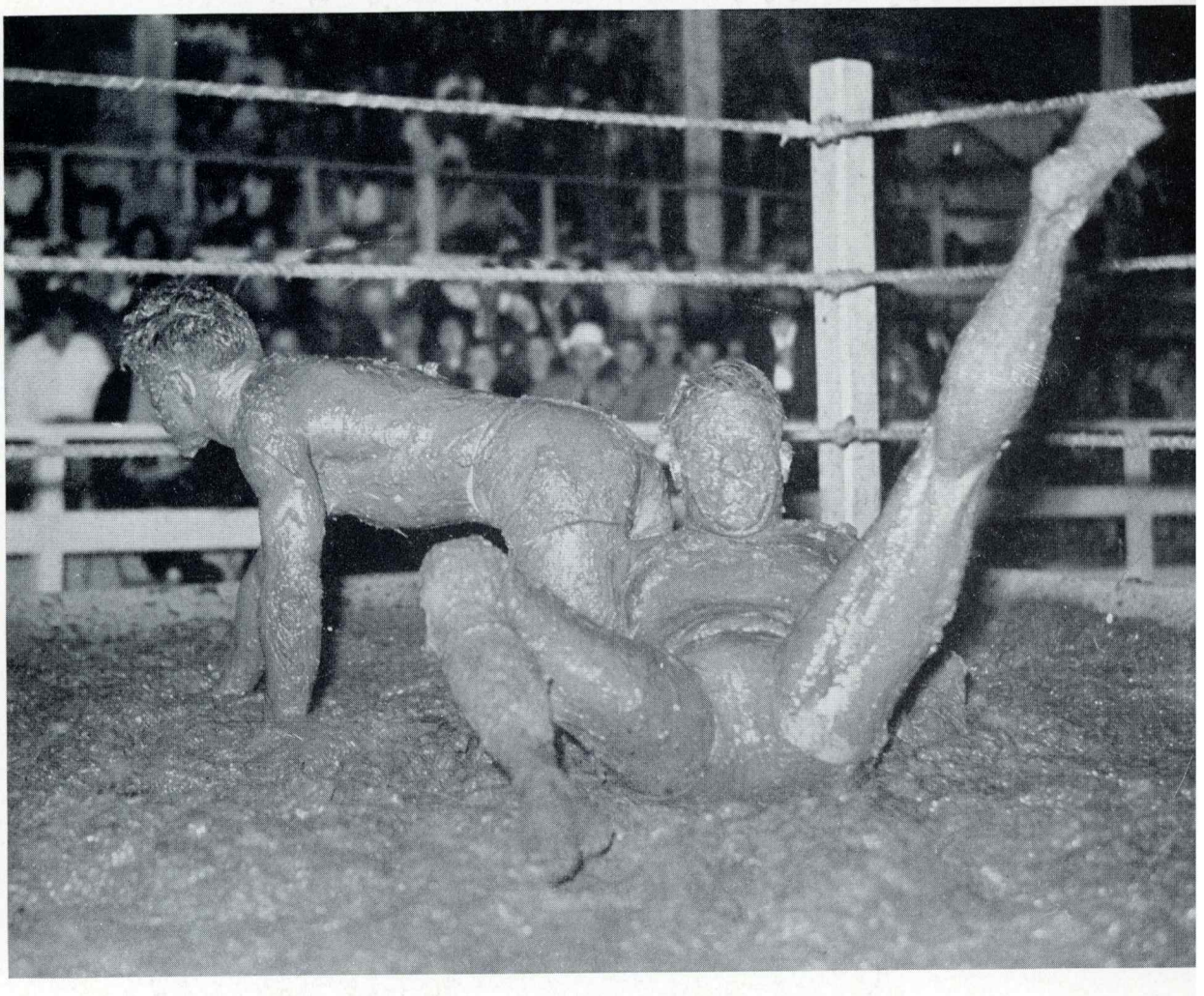
HOOT MON, let's be on our way!

A Bemuddled Pair

by ROBERT BAYNE '40

SECOND PLACE PHOTO

Speed Graphic, F:11, Panchro press film, Flash No. 2, 12 ft., 1-200 sec. Night. Taken at the County Fair.



Don't Be Shy, Deer!

by JAMES STEIN '41

Argus, F:8, Super XX film, 6 ft., 1-80 sec. Daylight. Taken in Northern Wisconsin (Forest County.)

▲▲▲ *the popular* BLOCKHEAD

by EVELYN JENSEN '39

FIRST PLACE SKETCH (TIE)

CHARLIE McCarthy—brightest wit of the day, yet a blockhead; grace personified, yet stiff as a Norway pine; mighty orator, yet permanently solidified below the chin. Oh, has this drab world ever seen a miracle man such as this? "Yep," as Master McCarthy himself would put it, "you're talking about him right now!"

Unless there be "A set with tubes so dead that not a single sound is sped," diminutive Charlie, wise-cracker supreme, will continue to send his chuckles through the great majority of American homes equipped with radios. Millions of Americans are not ashamed to admit that they enjoy being kidded by a ventriloquist's impudent little dummy; they like it so well, in fact, that they send the sharp-tongued piece of kindling fan letters by the bushel and allow him to stuff his pockets with heavier pay-checks than the President of the United States glimpses. And all the while, the real work of making McCarthy a success is actually being done by Edgar Bergen, close friend of the spotlighted hero and the one who always offers a ready knee for Charlie's public appearances.

Bergen, regardless of the size of Charlie's name on advertisements, owns the voice that woos America. He is credited with being one of the finest showmen in the world today, and after a few minutes of his detoured lingo, even the layman can see why. It is Bergen's masterful touch in the always difficult task of "talking from somewhere else" that imbues a wooden dummy with a winning, captivating personality. It is also the Northwestern University graduate's skill that is apparent when a lovable, goggle-eyed Charlie bewails his latest business failure with mythical "Skinny Dugan", bewails with a tear in his voice that almost moistens the loud speaker. Is it any wonder, then, that Edgar Bergen sits at the very top of all radio fun makers in the current season?

Yes, Mr. Bergen, we admit you're good, but by golly, so is that little, too-human fellow parked on your knee. As Charlie expresses it, "It's his writing ability and my personality. What would Bergen be without me?" Charlie's really the meat that draws one to eat Bergen's entertainment sandwich. And after one bite of that sandwich—yum, yum!

Candle Light

by ALFRED GREENWALD '39

A cylindrical mass of cold wax crackles under a lusty tongue's regular lapping. Warm, ravenously hungry flame excites shadows to intoxicated animation. Romantic—solemn—practical.

"Sailing Home"

by EARL KURTZ '39

Silent ships on silvery waters,
Gliding on toward home,
Sailing 'neath the moonlit sky
Never more to roam
Out upon the broad expanse
To some unknown shore.
Aged sides are weak and crumbling,
Time of service o'er.

Moonlit night so long ago
Her maiden trip she made;
Head she held erectly then,
Ensign proudly displayed.
Now her task forever over,
Now forever done;
Making way for younger, newer;
Home, her work is done.

sunset -- shadows -- stillness -- DUSK

by GUY KELNHOFER '39

THE SUN, a flaming wall of crimson glory, set in the western sky. The towering pines formed a grotesque pattern of tangled shadows on the clearing before the trapper's cabin. The sharp, sweet smell of pipe tobacco blended with the scent of the pines and cedars, which formed the major portion of virgin timber in this vicinity. Far to the right of the cabin, a small, mountain-shadowed lake reflected the myriad of stars appearing rapidly overhead. A soft, mellow glow encompassed the peak of a distant mountain, heralding the rise of the harvest moon.

A foraging owl swooped silently past the trapper as he sat in front of his cabin meditating on the scene before him. A hearty frog boomed from somewhere near the placid lake, and was immediately followed by a chorus of others. An oriole twittered sleepily from some pendent nest overhead. The ill-reputed loon mocked the world with his maniacal laugh, and a moose started up from his late feeding with a splashing and crashing of dry grass. A shooting star made a flaming path across the twinkling heavens. The high-pitched, whistling sound of wing beats, and then a soft splash, as a flock of ducks settled for the night, bid the trapper "good-night," as he pocketed his pipe and prepared for bed.

The eyes grow brighter «« the heart beats faster «« but it may be ««

APRIL FOOL

by PAUL TILLS '39

THE TELEPHONE rings and I slaps over a few kid brothers trying to get to the phone first. I says hello, and she asks if it's me. The party on the other end is a dame and she wants me to guess who it is. I tell 'er sure, I got a purty good idea. She wants to know if maybe I'd like to come up for the evening and gossip. She tells me she's havin' some other guys up too. I tell 'er sure, I got nottin' else to do for the evening except maybe play a little ping-pong at Bob's house. So the dame says oke doke, and me thinkin' all the time it's me girl friend, and what a swell time I'm goin' to have.

Well, I tears into the bathroom and peels off the peach fuzz, me wantin' to look spiffy when I meet my big moment. Then I throws a little cognac, or whatever you call it, on my kisser and hotfoots it upstairs to get me duds on. I even gets me new overcoat on, on account of wantin' to look high class. I hightails it down to Tenth Street on account of that's where I'm going to meet my sidekick, Bud. So the two of us pounds the pavement up to Bob's house for a little ping-pong. It's gettin' late, so I says to the boys, I gotta be goin' on account of because I got a little date. So I takes the lead out goin' over to my heartthrob on Seventh Street. When I gets there, I'm just about ready to go up the porch steps when I think, gee! it doesn't look like there's a blowout goin' on here, so I backs down. Then I remember it's only goin' to be a little puncture, so I goes up anyway.

When I leans on the doorbell, her mother comes to the door and I asks her if the light in the dark maybe is home. Her mother tells me no, that dear daughter is gone to the cinema. So I tells her to tell the babe I had called.

Then goin' down the steps I think maybe I got the wrong dame. Then I remembers there's another dame over on North Thirteenth Street maybe called up, so I takes a meander over there. No luck. After takin' in most of the North side, it slaps me down like a ton of bricks. The day's April First.

All the while me thinkin' it was the girl friend what called up and it only being some dame that knows I'm slow on the draw, and wantin' to suck me in on April First! ! !

from A WOMAN'S PURSE

Men keep thinking that Mr. Webster made a serious mistake in not defining a woman's purse as a "refuse container, possessed by the feminine sex, ranging in size from a nut shell to a potato sack."

LE ROY ZYGMUNT '40

An antidote for despair

Inspiration

by JOHN SPINDLER '39
SECOND PLACE SHORT STORY

BILL SAUNDERS was an artist, and like a good fifty per cent of all artists, he was slowly starving to death in his two-room flat. His wife, however, never seemed to lose her faith in him. She always tried to encourage his efforts, and praised his pictures, although most of them looked like surrealistic nightmares. He thought New York was a hard, heartless city despite the fact his landlady was a patron of the arts to the extent that she took one picture a month in payment of the rent. But rent was the least of his worries, money was the greatest. He and his wife needed food, clothing, and the other necessities of life. The few pictures he sold barely paid for his paints, let alone the butcher, the baker, and the grocer. It seemed to him that he owed every one in Greenwich Village; more than once he had taken the only personal possession he had, that hadn't been pawned, from his bureau drawer and looked at it pensively. It was a .45 caliber revolver, but he always replaced it as he thought of Fay, his wife.

Today, however, he wasn't in a suicidal frame of mind, for today he was going to see Ransome Morgan, the great industrialist and art fancier. Mr. Morgan had finally consented to look at his masterpiece which he called *Inspiration*. He was almost cheerful at breakfast as he gulped down his coffee and mush.

And his face wore a smile as he tucked *Inspiration* under his arm and hurried off to his appointment.

Two hours later he returned. Fay met him at the door.

"Any luck, dear?"

"Mr. Morgan didn't like my style," he replied vehemently and strode into the other room. After a while Fay followed him.

"What are you drawing now, Bill?"

"A portrait of an egotistical, selfish, miserly capitalist, Mr. Ransome Palmer Morgan VIII!" He spat the words out angrily and struck another heavy line on the rude caricature. "And when I'm finished I'm going to present it to him gratis, the fat pig!"

"Bill, you mustn't," Fay pleaded. "After all, you can't blame Mr. Morgan; maybe he just doesn't know real art."

"Well, maybe the wealthy fool will appreciate this!"

(Continued on page 71)

Simile

by RUTH PANOSH '39

Like a charcoal sketch
On rough gray paper
Blotted with red ink
I see
Three twisted evergreens
Silhouetted against
A winter sunset.

Shower In Clifton

by GRETCHEN THIEDE '40

The sky, a great gray roof,
Its leaks let torrents of water fall,
Swiftly dripping to the floor below.
The soft green earth, with pores open
To receive the rain, seems jubilant.
The earth is bathed and freshened
And its perfumed body is a delight
To earth-bound souls. These poor souls,
Themselves unfresh, so swathed are
They in ceaseless work. The trees
Saucily shake themselves and glisten
From their shower. They want no
Rough hard towel and need no dusting
powder;
For they get service from the soothing
wind,
And in themselves are fragrant.
Cars roll by on watered streets,
Their wheels swishing in the water.
The gravel in the driveway cleansed,
The pebbles bright and wet.
All colors are accentuated,
Buildings clear-cut and edges fine.
Where hot dust is swept away,
A few dead leaves are blown to earth,
While Lady Nature rocks with mirth,
To think she took us by surprise.

Leaves From a Critic's Notebook

MOVIE

by LLOYD KRONSNOBLE '39
FIRST PLACE REVIEW

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY

Today's youth, a subject with which the celluloid clan of that publicized suburb, Hollywood, has fallen head-over-heels in love, has been put through the wringer again and again to secure every scrap of plot obtainable and, as a result of this concentrated attention, films depicting youth in every phase of life imaginable have appeared before the public eye. Many young actors and actresses have done their all in these types of roles; but for sheer, true-to-life naturalness, my vote for King of the Teen-agers goes "unanimously" to a fellow named Mickey Rooney, who portrayed that excellent characterization of youth in love that appears in *Love Finds Andy Hardy*.

Love Finds Andy Hardy isn't a super-colossal, two-million dollar picture, or an artistic masterpiece. It isn't anything more than the story of a normal American family who get a big kick out of leading a normal American life. It features the amusing (Oh, don't say silly!) antics of young blood in the first throes of romance. That foundation is enhanced, however, by such sparkling treatment of the material available that the finished product is a classic. We Americans enjoy our own pictures, like to look into mirrors; we're interested, above all, in "us." And that's just why *Love Finds Andy Hardy* goes over with such a bang; it's really only a mirror with a fancy frame. An audience watching the show can hop into the scene and feel right at home.

This latest adventure of the popular Hardy family possesses an abundance of terrifically good humor, but through every scene there runs an intangible theme that seems to say: "When we laugh, laugh with us, not at us. When we cry, cry with us; don't scoff. We're you. Our life is your life."

Mickey Rooney, as young but grown-uppish Andy Hardy, is superbly funny, and deserves a big hand for his too-life-like portrayal of youth's complicated affairs of the heart. Lewis Stone is the ideal American father; and one thinks, after seeing him, that, were all the fathers in this land of his calibre, our youth delinquency problem would disappear. Judy Garland, the diminutive songstress, proves that she can speak lines as well as sing them; she does both in this picture.

Scramble a fine cast, add the ups and downs of several eager young kids, stir in a spiffy second-hand sport roadster (property of Mr. Andrew Hardy), and the resulting concoction is *Love Finds Andy Hardy*. Really a "fine thing" and gobs of fun!

POETRY

I'm a Stranger Here Myself

—Ogden Nash

by GEORGE LUECKER '39

Ogden Nash's latest collection of poems is the kind of book that retains its flavor through an infinite number of readings.

The book owes its effect largely to the amusing liberties the author takes with the canons of poetry and grammar. The opening lines to *Kind Of An Ode To Duty* illustrate the startling rhyming that is apparent throughout the book:

Oh, duty,
Why hast thou not the visage of a
Sweetie or a cutie?
Why glitter thy spectacles so ominously?
Why art thou clad so abominously?

Nash's technique includes, too, a most surprising break in rhythm, which is evident in *The Friendly Touch*, a selection dealing with department store practices:

Well, everything is simply splendid,
And suddenly you get a letter from them
Saying they have been looking over their
Accounts and note that they have not
served you
Since April 15, 1931,
And in what way have they offended?

Combinations that you and I, in writing poetry, would consider and promptly reject are worked into very amusing products by Mr. Nash. As Max Eastman comments on the author's work, "You must have tried writing poetry to enjoy it." And who hasn't?

MUSIC

PRELUDE TO ACT I OF PARSIFAL -- *Richard Wagner*

by HUGH BONAR '39 SECOND PLACE REVIEW

Lonely, yet unafraid, out of a vast nothingness comes a sad, poignant voice singing in solitude its song of faith. As if in answer to this lonely call, voices eery, ethereal, join in a transcendent chorus that swells into a nebulous mass out of which faith again speaks, her lonely tale ever rising as if seeking a still higher plane. Again the voices glory in the sublimity of the vision. Then, dispelling the clouds of doubt and despair, comes an impassioned utterance towering in its glowing majesty. It is the famed *Dresden Amen*. After the glorious declaration, sweeter voices take up the theme and lead into a statement of heroic exaltation that seems to tear the very souls from its hearers.

The glory dies away to a single note held for an infinity. Suddenly a portentous rumbling from the lower regions announces a hymn of exalted faith sung by the grief-stricken voice of the English horn, which finds it too beautiful to continue and passes on the theme to the stronger voices of horn and trombones. Then a series of ravishing chords seem trying to gain some solution from this heavenly chaos. The music rises higher, ever higher, in its search; and finally it gloriously proclaims that for which it has been searching. The Prelude thus ends in a mighty poem of undying power and blind, unquestioning faith.

BOOK

The Yearling

—Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

by JOHN SPINDLER '39

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings chose the Florida swamps as the setting for her simple tale of a poor-white-trash family. The action is of a naive character, but is so vivid as to present a fascinating tale of the homespun daily activities of this family.

Tucked away in the wilds where the marauding beasts, torrential rains, and the fickleness of nature's pranks shape the destiny of this kind of family, live a man, his wife, and their son, Jody. Jody is a chap about eleven whose only association with people has been with his mother and father and, in a casual manner, with their only neighbors, a family living about five miles away. Jody's dad is his ideal and idol—a buddy.

Mrs. Rawlings' understanding of this boy is as real as if he had spoken his innermost reactions to the pleasures and cares he felt: the tracking down of Old Slewfoot, a bear whose ominous presence was a constant dread of this family and their chickens and cows; an occasional harsh word from his mother or dad, which could be reconciled or forgotten only in the depths of a nearby woods, Jody's favorite spot in which to dream; or the joy and excitement of going to visit grandma, an infrequent occurrence, incident to trading and stocking up on supplies at the nearest town.

The story is rounded out by the introduction of a little fawn Jody brings home to raise and love. The two are inseparable, Jody never before having known the joy of having a pet. However, the fawn, as time goes on, too frequently incurs the impatience of Jody's mother by eating young sprouts in the garden, thus jeopardizing the family's subsistence. For Jody's sake his father comes to his defense and assuages his wife's anger on several occasions, until the fawn's misdemeanors become too frequent and serious to treat lightly. Jody, asked to get rid of him, finds it an impossible task. Sensing his dilemma, but not his acute feelings, Jody's mother shoots the fawn, to the boy's great sorrow. Jody runs away, but returns after a week of frightful pain and heartache.

The simile drawn is tenderly handled by Mrs. Rawlings when Jody's father explains to him the trick of fate in arriving upon the threshold of manhood, when every boy has to give up his dreams and pleasures, and take on responsibilities. He compares the ideal existence of boyhood to the fawn's innocuous pranks and traces them to the age where this carefree life must be cast aside for more practical activities. Only then does Jody reconcile the fawn's passing, for, as he listens to the counsel of his aging father, he realizes he is no longer a small boy.

The action of the story pertinently enough unwinds within the course of a year, the year the two inseparable companions, the deer and the boy, are yearlings.

What's under the *Kerchief?*

by BETTY KRAINIK '39

SECOND PLACE EDITORIAL (TIE)

"In a hundred years who'll be the wiser?" Why, Miss 1939 wearing Grandma's Kerchief!

●●● 1860—

This was the year that grandmother came over to America, the land of prosperity, where money flowed as freely as did the rivers.

She was the typical German girl of the nineteenth century, clad in her native costume; bright colorful skirt and blouse, with a kerchief tied around her head. And under this kerchief, in this girl's head, was the excitement of some new adventure. She was coming to America! Wide-eyed, nervous, eager, filled with great ambitions, she was thinking of all the wonderful opportunities which were to be hers when she reached the "Land of Prosperity." That German girl was going to make something of herself, be somebody. She wasn't content to stay at home and lead the same drab, monotonous life, and obey the same customs day in and day out. Her ideals were sky-high with scarcely a thought to the hardships she might encounter.

●●● 1939—

You can no longer see that eager German girl, dressed in quaint native costume, but instead you see her granddaughter, the "Modern Miss of 1939." She is what can be called the typical American girl.

Let's take a glimpse at her outfit: saddle shoes, plaid skirt, angora sweater, a charm bracelet, polo coat,

(Continued on page 64)

A Fairy Artist

by RUTH ROBERTS

FIRST PLACE POETRY
WASHINGTON JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Last night my friend painted a picture.
I'll show it to you if you wish;
He painted a deep sea portrait
Of grotesque and wonderful fish.

He isn't so very famous,
But you've heard of him, I'm quite sure.
His pictures are not in galleries,
But that's no sign that they're poor.

His canvas, of course, is a window,
For you see his art is on glass.
His paints and his brush are enchanted
Which gives his work fairy-like class.

Look! Now I am sure that you've guessed
The name of my artist so fine;
It's "Master Jack Frost" at his own very best,
Etching a silvery line.

WELCOMING the K and Q

by SHIRLEY ELFNER '39

OH, Royalty's coming, tra, la, la, la,—and all things considered, their visit promises to put a mighty strain on the great American public. With speeches to listen to, and parades to watch, general discomfort seems to be the order of the day. Still, the regal pair are welcome and we have to show them so—and here's how.

First of all, to prove that chivalry is not dead, we are going to concede the American fashion field to milady —the Queen, who, as you know, is of Scottish descent.

Men and women, we call upon you to don your plaid skirts and kilts, grab your tam-o'-shanter, get your little Scottie on the leash and rush out to spend (din ye sae spend?) yes, spend your valuable time in the public eye.

Every girl who wants to be a belle of the Highlands might stick heather in her hair when she goes to the bagpipe ball "to fling out" with the clan.

And while we're feeling so neighborly, if you know a Scotchman who is a *close* friend invite him over for a "haggis", like his "mither" used to make. He'll go for it in a big way—you can bank on that.

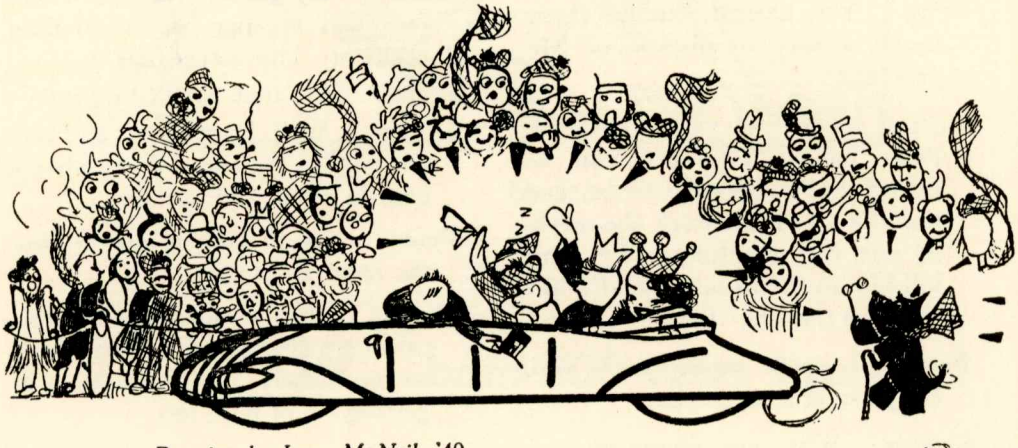
Then we might entertain the Queen at a few dog shows where we award plaid ribbons to the Scotties, while their thrifty owners put the prize money to a long rest in a rusty bulging purse.

For the duration of their stay America might observe "Free Parking"—and proclaim the thistle the national flower.

All in all, the plan might be a great success—it's a good joke. Oops! We forgot the King. And remembering that old tradition that the English can't see a joke, we better give up the whole idea. After all, we'll have to leave something for Emily Post.

And as Scotty would say, "I dinna ken it wurth the candle light I'm burnin' to go on—so guid nicht!"

Scotty—, plaid—, kilts—, greet the King and Queen



Drawing by Irene McNeil, '40

Volume Two, Page Twenty-Six

by RUTH MOTIFF '39

SECOND PLACE PLAY

Cast

Dr. Williams . . Owner of Lucifer's Lodge, wears dark trousers with a black satin smoking jacket.

Petro . . The doctor's Mexican servant, wears a brown, faded, corduroy suit.

Bill . . Hick detective.

Scene

A huge, massive desk is in the center of the stage with French windows directly back of it. There is a solitary desk lamp burning. The doctor is seated at the desk, apparently in deep study.

Time: About 10 p. m.
Place: Lucifer's Lodge
Scene: Doctor's study

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

(*Petro enters down R., walks up to the desk and speaks.*)

Petro . . Pardon, Doctor, I've taken care of that matter you mentioned.

Doctor . . (*Looking up from his book.*) Fine, Petro, and now you may put the traveling bags in the big sedan. We will have to hurry.

Petro . . Yes, Doctor, but have you found a way to dispose of Mr. Jennings?

Doctor . . No, not yet. You see, Petro, he is an intelligent man, or rather, he is supposed to be, and therefore we must work the method out very carefully. We can't kill him in the usual way. I'd like to make this the "Perfect Crime."

Petro . . I quite agree with you. May I offer a suggestion?

Doctor . . Why, yes, please do.

Petro . . I was thinking as long as you had Mr. Scarface do the rest of the jobs, why not have him do this one? The suspicion would be thrown on Jenning's stepson, because he has openly professed that he hated him.

Doctor . . Hmm! That's right.

Petro . . But how could we go about this?

Doctor . . Perhaps we can use the hydrocyanic acid trick. But then the stepson wouldn't be blamed. He's too dumb to pull something like that. Doggone it, why did we have to get mixed up in something like this?

Petro . . Yes, Doctor, this is about the toughest we have had to date.

Doctor . . Yes, but then it is our bread and butter. Sometimes I think the characters I've killed are going to haunt me.

Petro . . Yes, you are quite restless at times.

Doctor . . By gum! I have it. Scarface can arrange an automobile accident. That never fails.

Petro . . Say, that would be neat.

Doctor . . Well, hurry now, and put the bags in the car. I'll see what I can do about the accident.

Petro . . Yes, Doctor. (*Starts to leave the room down L.*)

Doctor . . Just a moment, will you take care of Dick? He hasn't been so good lately. I was thinking of getting rid of him, too.

(Continued on page 61)

by JUNE WENNDORF '39

1739 - 1939 -- born 200 years too late!

To Shave

Or Not To Shave?

by VERNON KEUNE '39

To shave or not to shave *IT* off, that was the question. To bear the insults and jests, or with a sweep of the mighty razor to erase *IT* from beneath my nose!

Three weeks had passed since the day when the trouble began. I awoke from slumber exactly forty-five minutes before the time of my appointment with the faculty at school. My early morning meal took about fifteen minutes of my precious time and after computing the length of time necessary to walk to school, I found I had left a mere ten minutes for my beauty treatment. I considered omitting it, but this thought I immediately discarded upon examination of conditions before the mirror. It was impossible to skip another day.

So I attacked those whiskers with all speed possible, trying not to mar the underlying finish. Before the operation was completed, the usual whistle announced the arrival of the fellows. With one last desperate burst of speed, I was ready.

Unknown to me at this time, there lingered a few forgotten stubs under the nose. These were not noticeable as yet, but in a few days were to become considerably darker. By this time, I had decided to allow *IT* to continue to grow. My intentions became apparent to my fellow classmates, and the fireworks began.

To shave or not to shave *IT* off, that was the question. To bear the insults and jests, or with a sweep of the mighty razor to erase *IT* from beneath my nose!

(Continued on page 55)

• • •

A Lonesome Violet

by JUNE JOLE

THIRD PLACE — POETRY

WASHINGTON JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

A little flower stood all alone
Beside a babbling brook;
No friends had she, but every spring
Her dainty place she took.

Through Mother Earth's sweet acres
Though glad, she often sighed;
She nodded slowly in the breeze
A lonesome heart to hide.

But one fine day a gentle breeze
Had turned her head around.
Then lo! She looked within the brook—
A playmate she had found.

For there way down below her
Another flower grew,
A wind-blown, lonesome little stem.
That held a head so blue.

No more her lonely heart will grieve
In winds and storms above,
For her shadow flower below her
Will e'er be there to love.

the DINER —
with the too greedy appetite

by JUNE KERNIN '41

You could detect him at a glance by the way he lumbered through the restaurant door, took the proverbial fat cigar from between clenched teeth, and caustically surveyed his surroundings. Picking a chair strong enough to hold his enormous bulk, he settled himself at the table that could be considered the best center of attraction and roared for a waiter, rumpling his mane in exasperation at the "uncommodatin' " service. Fingering the red and white polka-dot tablecloth, he possibly contemplated the number of spots he could add to it to increase its loud, unrefined appearance.

A thin, extremely nervous man with bulging eyes approached carefully, with the manner of a small boy wanting to pet a frothing dog, and in a hesitant, oil-neglected voice, inquired as to the "wishes of the gentleman." The answering bellow of "Food!" nearly blew the waiter off his feet as he hastily, but cautiously, edged away to get the order.

In five minutes, record time for the "T-Bone Restaurant", he returned with a dish of noodle soup with long, slithering strings of noodles coiling endlessly in the limited space of the bowl, a thick, juicy cut of T-bone steak, a mountainous heap of mashed potatoes and gravy, three slices of bread that, put together, would have made a good quarter-loaf, and a huge mug of steaming black coffee.

Placing the contents of the tray before the impatient diner who, with a napkin tucked carelessly in a "tattle-tale gray" collar, sat holding his food-destructive weapons, commonly known as the fork and knife, in brawny fists, the waiter turned away with a relieved sigh.

With a long drawn-out "Ah!" the lion settled himself on his haunches, and with the glint of battle in his eyes, prepared to consume the feast before him. The fork plunged down, and amid a shower of juice, pinned the steak helplessly to the plate which, under the forceful impact of the blow, had slid a few inches from its original location. Now the knife came down, propelled by an eager hand, and was painstakingly drawn across the steak's broad expanse.

Doubtfully chewing the spoils of his first attack, he scooped up a heap of "mashers" and prepared to follow the same procedure. Unmindful of the small falling pieces of potatoes, and indifferent to the drops of gravy staining his pompous, none-too-clean vest, he opened cavernous jaws and doomed the second regiment. Then savagely tearing at a piece of bread, he picked up the coffee mug, tipped it to a 90 degree angle, and swallowed,

(Continued on page 85)

from SHADOWS

Light, airy, floating billows of clouds reflect their misty fluffiness in pools of water beneath them, as their shadowy forms glide above.

MARY JEAN PAREZ '39

A Date With Johnny

by GENEROSE AUERMILLER '39

• • •

THE PLAYERS

Johnny . . *a high school boy, who, (though he'd never admit it) is on one of his first dates.*

Gracie . . *a typical high school girl.*

SYNOPSIS

Time: Eight or nine in the evening.

Setting: The front seat of Johnny's Plymouth. Johnny is intent on his driving, and Gracie is politely bored by his constant chatter. (Johnny has shown a sudden interest in girls, but doesn't know what to do about it. Naturally, he is very awkward, or as Johnny would say, "He just doesn't know the score.")

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Johnny . . Well, the old man finally kicked in with the family chariot!

Gracie . . How did you do it, John?

Johnny . . I just says, "Dad, I gotta take Gracie out tonight. There's a swell dance at the Community House and Gracie and I are gonna swing a couple."

Gracie . . (*Screams*) Johnny, be careful, you almost smashed that poor little telephone pole!

Johnny . . Aw, you know I can drive. Didn't I get the car for the prom last year? Bought a new suit and everything — just for you — and what for? So you could go with that other Jasper. I got it for the commencement dance too—and boy, did I get roped in with that screwy babe.

Gracie . . Oh, John, I'm so cold. Can't you do something about it?

Johnny . . Sure! Why didn't you say something? Darn good heater in this car. I'll turn it on for you. You gals are all alike—walking around with your bare toes hanging out. You've gotta wear shoes when you go dancing with me.

Gracie . . Johnny, have you a pair of mittens? My hands are so cold.

Johnny . . Oh, that too yet! I'm having enough trouble driving this car.

Gracie . . Oh, Johnny, you're hopeless! Do I have to sit way over here and holler at you all night?

Johnny . . Oh! so you wanta neck—eh? Well, I can't put my arm around ya, and shift at the same time. I'm not as good as that Jasper you've been going with.

Gracie . . John, you're so subtle.

Johnny . . I sat in the garage all morning practicing to shift with my knee.

Gracie . . I should think you'd know how, after all that.

Johnny . . I would, but my little brother got disgusted and walked off on me.

Gracie . . Your little brother!

Johnny . . Sure, I had my arm around him.

Gracie . . Johnny, you're a scream.

Johnny . . Yeah! That's what they all tell me.

Gracie . . You mean your silent admirers.

Johnny . . No, my relatives.

Gracie . . I heard you made an awful pig of yourself at Paul Gate's party.

Johnny . . Heck! I was just eating up my seventy-five cents worth.

Gracie . . What do you mean?

Johnny . . Well, it was seventy-five cents a couple. I stagged it, so, I had to eat just twice as much.

Gracie . . I suppose they shoved it down your throat.

(Continued on page 82)

THE PERFECTED PURSUIT *of the noodle*

by HELEN WALLACE '41
SECOND PLACE HUMOR (TIE)

WITHOUT doubt, there have been numerous books written on etiquette. Books, from what type of perfume the fastidious female should use for various occasions, to how the gentle class shakes hands, but alas, in all of their literary gems, have the mannered models of mankind neglected to mention that vital accomplishment, that skillful approach without which you are helpless: the perfected pursuit of the noodle.

Our victim is found without difficulty, as he is readily recognized by the exhausted slope of his shoulders, the newly greyed hair clinging to his dampened forehead, and the gaunt expression on his countenance as he clumsily fumbles to cover up the fresh soup spot on his tie.

Breathing deeply, and steadying his shaking hand, he bravely delves into the soup bowl with his spoon. Cautiously and gently he coaxes the limp, slithering noodle into its silvery roundness. It yields, and he starts the triumphant ascent to his hungry mouth, complete but for two inches, when with an abrupt splash, the noodle flashes juicily in mid-air and lands in the bowl.

His face flushed, he takes a prolonged drink of water, and somewhat refreshed, returns to the disturbing problem affronting him. He ponders . . . . . finally, with one last courageous lift of the head and a careless fling of the spoon, he captures both soup and noodle, and with a lightning-like gesture the dripping morsels reach his mouth. There is a cough and a sputter and a speedy consumption of water. Our victim is panting and his eyes are bright and bulging. Could it be the pleasure of accomplishment that lights up his entire being?

Throughout the entire world where the noodle has made its debut, dissatisfaction rages, tempers boil, and mental cases mount. It is some one's duty to the world, to the sanity of civilization, to disclose the perfected pursuit of the noodle.

There Is No Tomorrow

by CAROL PASEWALK '40

Tomorrow! All of us speak of it; some of us fear it; others await it with eager expectancy. And yet, there is no Tomorrow. Tomorrow is merely a name given to the vague and unknown future. It is a period of time, constantly near, but never actually present.

If we live for Tomorrow, we are living in vain; for when we place our hopes and aspirations in something which doesn't exist, then they, too, cease to exist and are never fulfilled.

But if we live for Today, then Today we will reap our harvest. If we work for Today, then Today we will succeed and in that success will secure true happiness.

Life is too uncertain for us to place faith in the future. We must live for the present, putting all we can into it, getting all we can out of it.

Today is a reality; Tomorrow is only a dream.

DEGENERATION
of the comic strip

by EUGENE McCARTHY '39

There are a lot of evils (according to the papers) that beset our world, and all of them are spotlighted again and again. But there is one exception, a serious evil that has been neglected by preachers, politicians, revolutionists, and pedagogues. No one bewails the unfunny funny.

I know that I am a vanishing American. I belong to a race discarded with bustles for women and tight knickers for men. My ideals are left over from the stone age. I still like my funnies funny.

In every paper that is at all popular we find about eight so-called comic strips, but often not one honest-to-goodness gag. In each of these we find an adventure taking place: a young, unworldly girl is being jilted at the altar; a handsome young G-man is pursuing monocled and caped bad men to the inevitable prison door; or infants are frustrating the infamous plots of African natives, pirates, or cattle rustlers.

As long as there have been wars, depressions, and labor disputes, well-meaning people have worked on schemes to abolish them, but all panaceas have failed because these troubles are caused by personality defects, and personality defects are caused by inability to relax and be happy. Hitler, John L. Lewis, and a few economic royalists come home after a hard day at the office and pick up the paper. They want to relax. They turn immediately to the funnies. What do they see? Flash Gordon disintegrating a post-historic monster with a ray gun. So Hitler starts a new anti-Semitic campaign, John L. Lewis declares a sit-down strike, and the economic royalists sell out their stocks, causing the market to crash and embarrass the administration.

Anyhow, if a return to the humorous comic strip does not solve our problems, it will at least give us an escape from them.

Day Is Born

by WALLACE ROGERS '39

Like thick cream
In water spreading
Comes the dawn,
The heavens' redding—

First along
Horizon only
Then deeper, deeper
In grayness lonely.

Throwing life
On earth forelorn
Dawn is growing;
Day is born.

The CLAN

Bonnie Bits O' Badinage

Have you seen "The Clan" lately?
Aren't they looking fine?
Want to know some more about them?
Turn to page forty-nine.

ALL AMERICAN++

Drawings by June Wenndorf, '39; Earl Kurtz, '39; Donald Hendrick, '39; Kenneth Cummings, '39

Roderick Chisholm

by GEORGE LUECKER '39

Chronological devices,
Bearings, shafts, and friction splices,
Motivating mechanism,
These attracted Roderick Chisholm.

Roderick was a man of thought,
Wondrous things his mind had wrought,
Papers on the fourth dimension,
Treatises on surface tension.

So 'twas natural his mind turned,
His intellect the answer yearned;
His whole being desired to prove:
Does a clock hand really move?

Ceaseless, unapparent motion,
Or a spasmodic promotion
As the spring expends its force;
Which describes the clock hand's
course?

Roderick sat in meditation,
Deep celebric agitation
The hands stayed, despite his stare,
Apparently immobile there.

Roderick could be spurred to action,
When, as now, his brain had traction,
Off, the clock's glass lens he tore,
Clock's hand against his finger bore.

Roderick felt the ceaseless motion,
Not a spasmodic promotion.
Roderick the machine had bested.
Roderick tested. Roderick rested.

Snow White and the seven sprites

by EMMA JEAN VANDEVEER '40

Any similarity between the characters of this story and actual persons, living or dead, is a miracle.

* * * * * * * *

Once upon a time there lived a queen, who considered herself the most beautiful woman in the land.

Every day, she would truck to her magic mirror with a *Razzma tazz* and a *Zazu zazz*, and ask:

Oh, mirror, mi·ror, hanging there,
Who in all the land's most fair?
Sang the mirror with a swing;
Bei mir bist du schoen,
I mean you're the fairest in the land.

Shagging back to her throne, she sang, *What Have I Got That Gets Me?* So happy was she that not a jealous thought of her lovely stepdaughter, Snow White, possessed her.

One day, when the queen asked the mirror the usual question, it replied:

My dear Queenie Jane, you have umph *'tis true,*
But Snow White has far more umph *than you!*

The queen decided that Snow White must be killed. She called Hank, the hunter, and ordered him to take Snow White to the forest and kill her.

Hank couldn't bear the thought of annihilating the little snowdrop, so he told her to flee to the forest, and never return again.

So Snow White ran through the forest, chased by pink elephants and lavender alligators. She found herself on the edge of the woods, where nestled a tiny house.

Everything was peaceful. No one was in sight. Cautiously, Snow White stepped inside. She found a dirty and disorderly room, where dust was ankle-deep and dirty dishes stacked the sink.

Immediately she began to swing a broom to the tune of *I Didn't Wanna Do It*! Then she washed dishes, swept and dusted in every corner, and danced up the stairs.

Seven tiny beds lined the wall, and the names on them, Happy, Grumpy, Doc, Dopey, Sleepy, Sneezy, and Bashful, seemed odd names for children.

Here, on one of these beds, she fell asleep.

Meanwhile the owners of the house were returning from the mine, *Suzy-Q-ing* along, with their picks shouldered, singing *Small Fry*. Reaching the house, Grumpy detected something amiss, so Dopey was elected to investigate. Suddenly, he dashed out, gesturing wildly.

The sprites rushed inside, staring amazedly.

"See," said Grumpy, "dirty work's afoot; the house is clean."

"But who d-d-done it?"

"Search every crook and nanny—uh—hook an' fan—uh, search everywhere," ordered Doc. They searched, eventually approaching the upstairs.

"Follow me, hen, uh—men," said Doc, from the rear of the line. They went quietly up the stairs, with knees knocking loudly.

In the bedroom they discovered Snow White. "A g-g-gir, a l-l-l, gee! a dame!"

The noise awoke Snow White. As you may guess, she immediately met with their approval, so she was hired to do their cooking and sewing.

"I'm Snow White," she said. "Who are you?"

"I'm Happy Hrudka," said one rotund sprite.

"This is Grumpy Guepe."

"Hmph!"

"This is Sleepy Schmidt."

"Ho-hum," replied Sleepy, yawning.

Dopey just gulped; he never bothered to speak.

"This is Doc McConnell."

"Whoo-Whoo!"

"This is Sneezy Steckmesser."

"Haa-choo!"

"And this is Bashful Knauer."

"Oh, gee," said the blushing Bashful.

The next morning they prepared to leave, having explained to Snow White that they lived on their old age pensions, but worked in the mine every day to keep busy.

They warned her to watch out for the queen, as she kissed them on their bald pates.

Back at the palace, Queen Jane asked her usual question, and the mirror chanted:

My dear Queen Jane, you have umph *'tis true,*
But Snow White has far more umph *than you.*

"What has she got that I haven't got?" shouted the queen.

"The seven sprites!" replied the mirror.

So the enraged queen donned a witch's disguise, prepared a poisoned apple, and she went to the home of the sprites.

There Snow White buys the *Big Apple* from the poor old witch whom the depression has left penniless. She takes a bite and falls to the floor.

* * * * * * * *

Not wishing to bury their beloved Snow White, the sprites placed her in a glass coffin, where she looked as though she were only sleeping.

Later Prince Charming, driving his high-powered roadster, saw Snow White in her coffin, kissed her, and by doing so, broke the spell of the poison and she awoke.

The sprites rejoiced as Prince Charming sang, *Stop Beatin' Round the Mulberry Bush.*

As they rode along, Snow White gave each Sprite a *Big Apple* and though they said they weren't hungry, she noticed they all started *Peckin'*. Then the Prince passed to the sprites seven strawberry sarsaparillas, and crooning, *Sing Me a Swig Song*— they all disappeared over the horizon.

Pierre's Beauty Salon

by JUNE WENNDORF '39

"SHE" sat in a cushioned chair with a pillow for her back, a fan at her side, and a glass of cold water just waiting to be used.

It is one of the rules of Pierre to make his customers comfortable while they sit baking under the permanent-wave apparatus, and especially if they are high class customers—but, of course, "She" could be nothing else.

"Does Madame wish to read a magazine?" ventured the first attendant.

"Or probably you would like to listen to the radio?" The second girl had her duty, too.

"She" looked up and mumbled a rather meek little answer, but the two girls got the general idea that "She" didn't care for either the magazine or the radio. Now they both disappeared behind a small screen, probably to concoct more favors.

"Who do you suppose she is?" asked the first.

"Did you see the beautiful furs she wore when she came in?"

"She must be terribly wealthy, although Pierre has just about every wealthy person living in this city in his trade now."

"Then who can she be?"

"I haven't the faintest idea, but I know one thing. We'd better be getting back to Madame or Pierre will find some one else to carry out his million and one duties."

"She" still sat as straight as a statue. During all the finishing touches of her costly coiffure (for Pierre's was no bargain counter), "She" was very quiet. Only once did "She" show any action, and that was when one of the girls dropped a comb. "She" proceeded to pick it up.

What sort of person was this, anyway? A customer of Pierre picking up a comb from the floor!

At last the ordeal was over. "She" left with her furs draped about her and stepped into a large black limousine in which sat a colored chauffer.

"Please hurry, Mac," she cried. "I'll just have time to return the furs and get into my apron before Madame returns home."

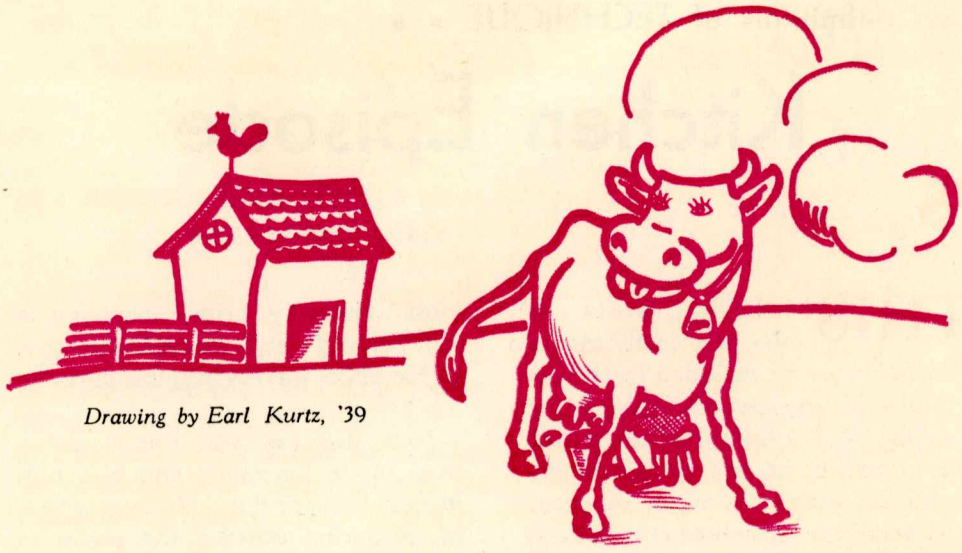
"O. K., Molly," was the reply.

"Oh, Mac, I had such fun! It took all my savings, but at last I know how it feels to be a lady."

CHOICE WORDS

by GRETCHEN THIEDE '40

The glitter of the sunlight
Upon a rippled lake;
The singing of the pine trees
That a gentle breeze can make;
The swaying of a birch tree;
Its shadow on the walk;
The fragrancy of summer;
All this is Nature's talk.



Drawing by Earl Kurtz, '39

THE GIRL FOR ME

by RUTHALEEN KOZLOVSKY '39

SECOND PLACE HUMOR (TIE)

I like a girl who's husky,
Who can milk a cow or two,
A girl who ain't so fussy,
If her pa and ma milk too.

I don't care if she's homely,
If she's got a little spunk,
And can tell the mushy fellows
That they're a lot of bunk.

She should know about mechanics
And a thing or two of love,
And between times, cook some victuals
For her darling turtle dove.

Now if there is such a woman,
And romantically inclined,
Don't tell me, guys, I know the rest,
I wouldn't suit her mind.

Two definitions of TECHNIQUE » »

Kitchen Episode

by LLOYD KRONSNOBLE '39
FIRST PLACE HUMOR

THIS MODERN world of ours practically insists that *technique* be included in the attributes of any person striving for success. An ordinary grocer hasn't got a chance; he has to handle his customers with a *technique*. A street sweeper of the old school is left out in the cold when it comes to promotion, he has to swish his broom with a *technique*. And so it goes down the line, touching even that most unprofessional of professionals, the Ice Box Raider. You don't think that technique is required to snaffle a midnight snack on the sly? Pal, I'd hate to go raiding with you! We'd both go hungry! And just to prove my point, here are two typical kitchen episodes, one portraying a dub and the other a master of the art.

Joe Dub does his bit first. Joe is hungry as he lies in bed, and visions of that huge, juicy drumstick left over from dinner float before his eyes with agonizing regularity. Naturally, Joe succumbs to temptation and leaves his couch to track those visions to their source. As in my home, and in your home, and in everybody else's home, left-over delicacies in Joe's abode are entrusted to the safekeeping of the kitchen refrigerator until such time as the keeper-of-the-skillet deems it appropriate to call them forth and present them anew to their hungry admirers. Joe is aware of this, aware also that spiriting these treasures away is a most dastardly crime, carrying a stiff penalty. Still, hunger is hunger, so Joe never wavers from his purpose.

Now Joe, as you might guess, lives up to his name and is a full-fledged Dub, or dub. He forgets that he is acting outside the realm of socially accepted ideas, and in his eagerness forgets, to a large degree, caution. He opens doors hastily, and only when they squeak loud enough to wake the roasted chicken itself, does he stop and pray that he won't be discovered. For some reason luck stands by him, and after a fitful journey, Joe reaches the kitchen. Enter waxed floors, and Joe is thrown for a two-foot loss and a five-bump penalty. Wow, is this boy lucky! Not a sound from upstairs! Stolid Joe still won't give up, so on goes the kitchen light, (Oh, what a lame-brain!) and the feast is on. Or rather the refrigerator door opens! Now where is that drumstick? Maybe it's—oh boy, now he did it; that salad dressing is spilled over every shelf in the box. Oh, well, there's time later for work. Then it's forward again, and on to victory. The chicken is in that big green dish and all that stands in the way is the butter dish. It's the easiest thing in the world to—whoops, that butter dish is a little too slippery for a one-hand job. Oy, it slipped! Well, good night, Joe, at

(*Continued on page 84*)

Don't Mind If I Quote You

Autumn

SUGAR maples with their bright red and orange leaves are the "Beau Brummells" of woodland. Stately pine trees dressed in their year-round suit of green may be compared with eminent figures who are impressive rather than showy.

by WILLIAM LUTZ '39

A Friend

I'VE found some one who I think is true,
Some one who meets my requirements; like few
People in this world that I've ever met,
This person I know I'll never forget.
I've found a Friend.

by ALICE LINDROTH '41

Our Use Of Words

WORDS! More important than any other single thing in every aspect of our life. Tools, they are, with which we daily maintain contact with thousands of people, directly or indirectly.

by BONNIE LUDWIG '41

Eighth At Columbus?

AT LAST the zero hour had arrived and our hero, Johnny Student, grim and determined, made a desperate attempt to navigate the intersection without bodily harm; but he hadn't moved four feet when a car, containing two persons of the opposite sexes huddled together behind the wheel, rocketed by, menacing the pedestrian who hurriedly retreated to the curbstone and took inventory of his various limbs.

by HOWARD GOODHEW '41

Martial Martians

THE MENTALITY of the American people has, it seems, always been subject to conjecture. Things like political campaigns, city councils, and Jersey dictatorships often provoke thought in that direction. But it remains for an incident such as the recent panic over the radio production of H. G. Wells' *Wars of the World* fantasia to start an epidemic of grave head-shaking and whither-are-we-drifting.

by GEORGE LUECKER '39

WINNERS ALL

Results Of The Manitou Creative Writing Contest

EDITORIAL

First Place: **Help Me, America!** — Lloyd Kronsnoble, '39
Second Place: **What's Under the Kerchief?** — Betty Krainik, '39
(A tie) **The Inspiration of Lincoln** — Len Roy Koutnik, '40
Honorable Mention:
Carol Pasewalk, '40; Marie Rappel, '40; Harvey Fargo, '39
Ruth Panosh, '39; Eugene McCarthy, '39; Albert Nelesen, '41
Alvin Loeffler, '39

ESSAY

First Place: **Yep! That's Me!** — Kenneth Rusch, '41
Second Place: **Time, Enemy of School Days** — Lloyd Kronsnoble, '39
Honorable Mention:
Jeannette Roeder, '39; Hugh Bonar, '39; Alice Behnke, '39
Kay Kochan, '40; Janet Eberhardt, '39; Ruth Panosh, '39
Esther Weiter, '40; Jean Lutzke, '40; Vernon Keune, '39
Evelyn Jensen, '39; Kenneth Rusch, '41; Nathan Nass, '41
Marilyn Vits, '41; Alfred Greenwald, '39; Maysel Eckes, '39

HUMOR

First Place: **Kitchen Episode** — Lloyd Kronsnoble, '39
Second Place: **The Girl for Me** — Ruthaleen Kozlovsky, '39
(A tie) **The Perfected Pursuit of the Noodle** — Helen Wallace, '41
Honorable Mention:
Paul Tills, '39; Alvin Loeffler, '39; Eugene McCarthy, '39
Emma Jean Vandeveer, '40; Lloyd Kronsnoble, '39; Doris Wage, '40
Leatrice Rogers, '41

ONE-ACT PLAY

First Place: **The Stolen Painting** — Paula Graff, '39
Second Place: **Volume 2, Page 26** — Ruth Motiff, '39
Honorable Mention:
Alvin Loeffler, '39; Shirley Elfner, '39; Ruth Panosh, '39
Kenneth Rusch, '41; John Spindler, '39; Edward Mueller, '39
Maysel Eckes, '39; Le Roy Zygmunt, '40; Alfred Greenwald, '39

PHOTO-GRAPHS

First Place: **Boat and Bridge** — Robert Bayne, '40
Second Place: **A Bemuddled Pair** — Robert Bayne, '40
Honorable Mention:
Ted Pauly, '39; Jerry Jansen, '40; James Stein, '41
Robert Bayne, '40; Robert Schmitz, '39

POETRY

First Place: **Dawn's Delight** — Doris Wage, '40
Second Place: **Life** — Hugh Bonar, '39
Honorable Mention:
Gretchen Thiede, '40; Howard Goodhew, '41; Betty Krainik, '39
Irene McNeil, '40; Ruth Panosh, '39; Bonnie Ludwig, '41
Earl Kurtz, '39; Carol Pasewalk, '40; Generose Auermiller, '39
Helen Wallace, '41; Guy Kelnhofer, '39

REVIEW

First Place: **Love Finds Andy Hardy (Movie)** — Lloyd Kronsnoble, '39
Second Place: **The Prelude to Act One of Parsifal (Music)** — Hugh Bonar, '39
Honorable Mention:
George Luecker, '39; Janet Eberhardt, '39; Vera Jean Heck, '39
John Spindler, '39; Bonnie Ludwig, '41; Eleanore Huske, '40
Ione Krueger, '40; Earl Kurtz, '39; Carol Jane Phalen, '40
Betty Krainik, '39; Alvin Loeffler, '39; Ruth Dufek, '40
William Lutz, '39; Harry Olson, '39; Henry Geisler, '39
Paul Timm, '39

SHORT STORY

First Place: **Revenge** — Lloyd Kronsnoble, '39
Second Place: **Inspiration** — John Spindler, '39
Honorable Mention:
Generose Auermiller, '39; Carol Pasewalk, '40; Earl Kurtz, '39
Betty Krainik, '39; Alice Behnke, '39; Kenneth Rusch, '41
Virginia Mae Olk, '40

SKETCH

First Place: **Cold** — Alvin Loeffler, '39
(A tie) **The Popular Blockhead** — Evelyn Jensen, '39
Second Place: **Appreciation** — Rose Mary Morris, '39
Honorable Mention:
Betty Krainik, '39; Doris Wage, '40; George Luecker, '39
June Wenndorf, '39; Alfred Greenwald, '39; Betty Hocking, '41
Kenneth Rusch, '41; Mary Vande Grift, '41; Guy Kelnhofer, '39
June Kernin, '41; Ruth Panosh, '39; Arnold Stephani, '39
Eugene McCarthy, '39

(*Continued on page 46*)

TIME ▲▲▲ *enemy of school days*

by LLOYD KRONSNOBLE '39

SECOND PLACE ESSAY

A FEW DAYS ago a group of freshmen warily pedaled their shiny bikes up to a new school and a new experience. They were arriving for their first day at Lincoln High School (what awe and reverence that term "high school" provoked.) I was one of their number. Yesterday I sat before a camera and smiled for the picture that would announce my graduation. Inconsistent? Well, perhaps the "keeper-of-the-calendar" might consider it a slight deviation from straight thinking to speak of the happenings of four years as occurring within the span of four days, but the living calendar within one's brain has conceptions of time vastly different from those harbored by an unfeeling paper record.

Man's sense of time cannot be relied upon for accuracy because many things affect it that do not affect a steel-hearted clock. Joy, ambition, and interest speed up one's inner "time-clock" to a point that even the most delicate man-made time piece could not match without flying apart by its own activity. Sorrow, worry, and monotony, on the other hand, have the reverse effect on a human being's interpretation of the value of time, tending to make hours seem centuries, seconds seem decades. School life has the former effect on a young boy or girl, and that fact explains my apparently inconsistent jump in *status quo* from freshie to senior.

High school is a new experience for the boy and girl just emerging from the routine of those too-ordinary "lower grades." In it they learn the fundamentals of independence, find variety in what they before considered excruciatingly monotonous, and learn that their high school years can offer them better opportunities for real carefree enjoyment than any other period in their lives. This conception is not always visualized quite so clearly by one on the "way in," and, in fact, the average student suddenly presented with high school's lapful of new toys often uses them half-heartedly, not realizing their great worth and not utilizing their full opportunities. But to one on the "way out," one who will have his toys taken away from him in a few months, high school hours are to be treasured.

Here in school, the world bows to the student. He can go ahead in his exploring, his tasting of new ideas and actions without fear of "losing his job" or of being criticized too severely. His school endeavors to teach him the ways of the world, how to get along in it later on; but in this preparatory course, he is given confidence in himself by being allowed to imitate the desirable actions of the adult world without being plagued by the cares and worries that actually attend that world.

This freedom to indulge in carefree learning and playing is the cause behind the rapidity with which these four years of high school seem to speed away.

It cannot have been more than a few days ago that we first advanced

(*Continued on page 85*)

A Midnight Adventure

by LUCILLE SCHOCH
SECOND PLACE — PROSE
WASHINGTON JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

IT WAS a cool midsummer evening when my mother called me to come upstairs to bed. I had been swimming most of the afternoon, and was very tired. I did not mind much when mother said she was going for a ride in the country. In fact, I must have been asleep before she left, for I did not hear the front door close.

Suddenly a deafening roar waked me with a start. The first thing I did was to pull the covers over my head. Then slowly I risked one eye and looked at the window. There were a few flashes of lightning and another deafening roar. Again the covers went over my head. It was an electrical storm. How I despised them! I felt ever so glad that mother was home. I gasped. But was she home?

Fearing that something might have happened, I was determined to brave the storm and go to her room. Slowly one foot slid out, then the other, then me. I stumbled on something near my bed. I sighed with relief, for it was only my shoes. Slowly I opened the door and looked into the hall. Suddenly there came another great roar and I found myself in the hall. It was raining very hard and I could see, through the hall window, that the street lamps were out. A perfect night for something (gulp) to drop out of my closet.

As I neared the bedroom, the door slowly opened and—my mother stepped out.

"What are you doing up so late?" she asked.

"I couldn't sleep," I answered.

"You'd better go back to your room. You needn't be frightened of the storm. It's nearly over anyway."

Back in bed again, I felt rather satisfied with myself. Imagine my being frightened by a little old storm!

(*Continued from page 44*)

WINNERS ALL

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First Place: **A Fairy Artist (Poetry)** ..... Ruth Roberts
Second Place: **A Midnight Adventure (Prose)** ..... Lucille Schoch
Third Place: **A Lonesome Violet (Poetry)** ..... June Jole
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(*All entries from Washington Junior High School*)

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The Clan - -

by SHIRLEY ELFNER '39

(*Continued from page 37*)

(*Positions Identify Cartoons*)

Could "Ferdinand," the gentle bull,
Behold the sight we see,
Miss Ritchie in her red attire
Would soon be up a tree.

MISS FRANCES RITCHIE

Mr. Aplin's face may be familiar;
You would know it any time.
But that is not the problem, students.
Can you read the words behind?

MR. G. L. APLIN

The demon of the basketball floor
Here models his favorite design;
He may not add any points to the score,
But his report card technique is "de-
vine."

MR. J. M. V. STEVENSON

Speaking of fish has been his "line,"
But this time it would look
As tho' a little salmon fine
Has "Pop" upon the "hook."

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Oh sing a song of safety!
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STOP and GO—Remember SLOW;
Do practice what you preach!

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In his favorite garb—a towel.

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Who Lived to Tell the Tale

by HELEN WALLACE '41

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The Stolen Painting —

(*Continued from page 5*)

BOB . . . . . (*Hands her telegram.*) You read it. I can't.
JUL. . . . . (*Reading.*) Bob! What will we do?
BOB . . . . . Why do you suppose they decided to come home today?
JUL. . . . . The picture! I'll see how far Kenneth is with it.
PROF. . . . . (*Nervously.*) How soon will they be here?
BOB . . . . . About half an hour.
JAMES . . . . . I'll tell Maggie to have a lunch ready.
JUL. . . . . (*Enters with Kenneth; he carries the picture.*) It's finished, but it's still wet.
BOB . . . . . That's all right. Let's hang it.
KEN. . . . . I'll get a ladder. (*Exits.*)
BOB . . . . . It looks perfect to me.
JUL. . . . . He did a grand job in such a short time.
BOB . . . . . (*As Kenneth hangs picture.*) What is that funny odor?
JUL. . . . . It's terrible.
KEN. . . . . That's from the varnish I used. (*Gets down.*)
JUL. . . . . I hope Grandma doesn't notice it.
(*Doorbell rings.*)
BOB . . . . . Quick, take the ladder away. It must be the folks. (*They straighten the room, while Kenneth exits with the ladder. Juliana reads and Bob studies.*)
MRS. B. . . . . (*Enters. Looks suspiciously at both.*) Hmph! Funny, you two aren't quarreling. What is that awful odor? (*They greet her pleasantly. Juliana kisses her, and Bob helps her with her coat.*)
MRS. B. . . . . All right, tell me what's wrong.
JUL. . . . . (*Nervously.*) Nothing, Grandma. We are just glad to see you.
BOB . . . . . Sure, that's all.
MRS. B. . . . . You don't seem interested in where your parents are.
BOB . . . . . Oh, a-a-, didn't they come back with you?
MRS. B. . . . . They have gone to Chicago to arrange for my Kessen pictures to be shown at the Art Institute next week.
BOB and JUL. . . Ohhhhh.
MRS. B. . . . . You don't sound very enthusiastic. It's a great honor to show them at such a famous place.
BOB . . . . . When will you send the pictures?
MRS. B. . . . . Tomorrow morning.
JAMES . . . . (*Entering.*) Maggie has lunch ready in the dining room. (*They exit L. Enter Kenneth from French windows. Satisfying himself that he is alone, he examines the picture with a magnifying glass. Prof., entering, watches Kenneth who doesn't see him. He steps behind the drapes.*)
KEN. . . . . (*To himself.*) Looks like a print. (*Takes a pin and sticks it in the picture.*) Now, if the paint cracks when I prick it with this pin, there is no oil in the paints and it might be the original. If the

(*Continued on page 58*)

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To Shave Or Not To Shave —

(*Continued from page 32*)

Though I became accustomed to the little tufts of hair, the other students considered *IT* funnier each day. The usual place for the taunts and jests was the locker room where my jealous teammates threatened to remove *IT* for me. The jesting, however, was not confined strictly to the locker room. When I presented a talk in class, I was greeted by smirks and pantomimes in which several boys attempted to twitch *THAT WHICH* they did not possess.

Knowing that this was all in fun, it did not bother me and I refrained from removing *IT*. One night I overheard a plot to bring a razor the next day and shave *IT* off for me. They brought the razor, but I managed a hasty exit, and went home that night, firmly resolved to do the deed.

Believe me, it wasn't easy to part with my beloved companion. Day and night, for three weeks, *IT* had been constantly under my nose, and now I was to lose *IT*.

One thought consoled me: The knowledge that within three weeks I could have another just as nice, if I wanted *IT*.

Comforted, I shaved *IT* off, hoping the next one would not arouse as much curiosity as the first.

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The Stolen Painting —

(*Continued from page 53*)

paint doesn't crack, there is oil in the paint and oils have only been in use the last fifty years. The stolen painting is almost two hundred years old.

BOB . . . . (*Enters.*) Er, ah! What are you doing here?

KEN. . . . (*Floundering.*) Oh, ah, I wanted to see if the picture looked all right. I was afraid the frame absorbed too much varnish and would look blotched.

BOB . . . . I didn't notice anything wrong with it.

KEN. . . . The varnish took better than I thought it would.

BOB . . . . Just a minute. You know, it's funny a gardener should know so much about painting.

KEN. . . . I paint a little in my spare time. It's quite an interesting hobby.

BOB . . . . I have to get back. Maggie has some chocolate pie. (*Bob exits. Kenneth exits through windows. Prof. steps from behind drapes and seats himself at the desk.*)

PROF. . . . (*Speaking to himself.*) I wonder what that gardener is up to. It's strange that a gardener should know so much about paintings, and funny that a man who takes up painting only as a hobby knows how to test a picture for an oil substance in the paint. (*Enter Mrs. Barnett and Juliana. Prof rises.*)

MRS. B. . . We... I hope Bob has enough dessert. He was on his third piece of pie when we left.

JUL. . . . . (*Gloomily.*) Nothing affects his appetite.

MRS. B. . . What should affect it? He hasn't anything important on his mind. Not even his mathematics, which should be there!

(*Continued on page 83*)

There are some things they don't teach you in high school but . . . any smart housewife can tell you in a minute that . . . "You can do better at

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Volume Two, Page Twenty-Six

(*Continued from page 30*)

Petro . . Perhaps fate will be kind to us. (*Leaves down L. The doctor rises from his chair and starts to leave the room, when the French windows open and Bill enters with a revolver in his hand.*)

Bill . . All right, up with your hands!

Doctor . . What the! !

Bill . . Sort of surprised, are you? Well, it's about time.

Doctor . . Why, what do you mean?

Bill . . Oh, the innocent type! It explains your kind on page twenty-six, the second volume.

Doctor . . What are you talking about?

Bill . . Well, don't worry about it, 'cause it won't do you any good. First, give me that gun. (*Takes gun from the doctor's pocket.*) You see, Doctor, the town folks thought it darn strange that you should be living up here in this old house with no one but that sinister looking hired man of yours. So I volunteered to investigate, and lucky I did!

Doctor . . I'm sure you are mistaken.

Bill . . Am I? Well, I heard everything. I was outside those windows for the last half hour.

Doctor . . But I can explain.

Bill . . Well, you can explain to the sheriff. I'm taking you in.

Doctor . . But won't you wait for Petro? He'll explain who I am.

Bill . . We'll wait for him all right, but his explaining won't do any good. He's probably finishing Dick right now.

(*A loud report off stage.*)

Bill . . What did I tell you! Well, that is the last murder you two fellows will ever commit!

(*Petro enters down L.*)

Petro . . (*Speaking as he enters.*) Doctor, I—(*Sees Bill and stops suddenly*). What's this?

Bill . . Put your hands up!

Doctor . . You'd better, Petro. He might shoot.

Bill . . You bet I will.

Petro . . You don't know what you're doing!

Bill . . Oh, yes, I do. First you fellows plan a murder, and then you have some thug do it for you.

Doctor . . I admit we do plan murders, but that is as far as they go.

Bill . . Oh, is that so? Well, what about that shot a minute ago?

Petro . . That's what I came in to tell the doctor. The rear tire on the sedan blew out as I was backing out of the garage.

Bill . . Oh, yeah! What about Dick?

Doctor . . (*Laughing.*) Why, Dick is a pet canary. He's old, and that's why I mentioned that we should get rid of him.

Bill . . Do you think I'm dumb enough to fall for that? What about this Mr. Jennings you plan to kill?

Doctor . . Well, I guess you are at that. You see, I'm a writer. I write mystery stories and Mr. Jennings is a character in my next book. Petro and I always plan the murders before I put them into the script.

Bill . . A likely story. How are you going to prove it?

Doctor . . There's an incompleted script on my desk. Mr. Jennings' name is very prominent in it.

Bill . . (*Walks over to desk, picks up script, and reads hastily.*) Well, I'll be darned! (*Looks dumb.*) Gosh darn it, nothing ever happens to me!

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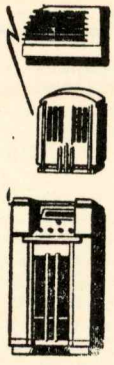

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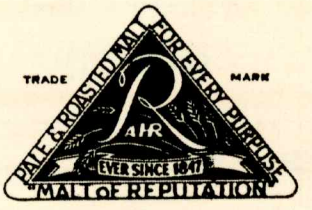

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Manitowoc, Wisconsin

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STEAM and HOT WATER
HEATING ENGINEER

Office 813 Franklin Street

. . . Telephone 356

WHAT'S UNDER THE KERCHIEF? —

(Continued from page 28)

and—what's this we see?—can it be possible?—yes, it is. The miss of '39 is wearing the same thing her grandmother wore in the 1860's; a kerchief tied around her head; to keep it warm, maybe? No, probably because it's all the rage right now.

The very thing that grandmother came to this country to keep posterity from having to endure! She came to America to satisfy new ambitions and ideals, and not to do and wear the same thing all through her life, and to have her children do these same things. And now her granddaughter comes along with a gaily-colored kerchief tied around her curly, flaxen hair; a happy, youthful, flighty, carefree girl.

And what do we find inside that head the kerchief covers! Ideals worth striving for, and ambitions which will some day be realized? Maybe, but probably not. In her head are ideas, but bright ideas conceived on a moment's notice and really not worth the effort. This modern miss has what she calls streamlined, modern, high-stepping notions. She lives just for today and gives nary a thought to tomorrow.

This is the young girl of 1939. Where are the ambitions, the adventurous spirit of her grandmother? They have vanished as time went on and conditions changed. The modern miss is flighty and carefree, and under her kerchief are dream castles in the air, and ambitions out of her reach.

What's inside the head **your** kerchief covers?

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FREEZER FRESH

ICE CREAM
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Opposite Court House

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TROUSERS
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TO SERVE YOUR EVERY BANKING NEED

SAVINGS — COMMERCIAL

Manitowoc National Bank

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Opposite Court House

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FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY WE HAVE HANDLED ESTATES, GUARDIANSHIPS, AND TRUSTS. UNDER SUPERVISION OF THE COURTS AND ANNUAL EXAMINATION BY THE STATE, WE BECAME SPECIALISTS. THAT SAVED TIME AND EXPENSE FOR THE PARTIES INTERESTED, AND THAT IS THE REASON OUR BUSINESS HAS STEADILY INCREASED, IN HARMONY WITH OUR MOTTO, "AS OAKS FROM ACORNS GROW."

East Wisconsin Trustee Co.

PATRONIZE MANITOU ADVERTISERS

Yep! that's me!

(Continued from page 10)

regarding my alleged indolence seems quite universal in the family.

Then, at school I try to convince my teachers that I am dynamic, energetic, and industrious. And I sometimes succeed, too.

My friends receive, largely through my efforts, the opinion that I am good-natured, liberal financially, and otherwise regular.

Can it be that every one I know has a distorted opinion of my personality? No, for I have a variety of personalities I can apply at will. I can be meek, domineering, ill-tempered, dynamic, indolent, as the occasion arises. So can you. And so do you. You must realize by now that you, too, have a couple of Mr. Hydes in your closet.

But someday, I'm afraid, I'll get up on my left foot and tell Dad and the rest in authority over me to "pull in their sails." I'll be nice to my sister, and glower at my friends.

Dual personality? No. A quintet of them!

Disguise

At Lincoln, a stick of gum is a wolf in sheep's clothing.

by Helen Wallace '41

"Musical Instruments and Merchandise of the Better Kind"

R C A Victrolas
VICTOR Classical and Popular Records
MARTIN Band Instruments
OLDS Trombones and Trumpets
SELMER Saxaphones and Clarinets
GIBSON Mandolins, Banjos, and Guitars and Ukuleles
LEEDY & LUDWIG Drums & Traps
SCANALLI & CAMERANO Piano Accordians

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903 Washington Street
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May we serve you when you need any insurance, a home, or money to loan?

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Become Bowling Conscious . . .

It's the most popular indoor sport. The unexpected continually happens. Every frame in a game of bowling is like a chapter in an exciting story—you never know what will happen. It combines exercise and recreation. Arrange to bowl—get in the swing. Join your fellow students any Saturday afternoon.

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We Make
Our Own
ICE CREAM
and
CANDIES
Fresh and Pure
Tasty Lunches

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OUR MOTTO—
Cleanliness
Courtesy
Promptness

Protection.

The federal government is going to place a ban on the production of all "fear-exciting" radio programs. We suggest that they also place a ban on the sale of certain types of cheeses because they are apt to cause frightful dreams.

Kenneth Meyer '40

Hey Students! If you really want to see a smooth typewriter that will give you good looking themes and swell marks, stop into our store—any time—we'll be glad to show you how you can own a real machine, at a real low price for as little as 10c a day.

Badger Specialty Co.
Sales and Service
811 Franklin Street
Phone 121

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THOROUGH NEWS COVERAGE OF
HIGH SCHOOL SPORTING EVENTS

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Reliable Prescription Service.

. . Telephone 1517 . .

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The Home of—

Philco Radios
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Norge Refrigerators
Coleman Stoves

We will teach you to play any musical instrument.

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BOYS!

When you swing out at the Prom this year, be sure it's in a Suit of Quality and Style.

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Your Headquarters for

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HOSIERY
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RUBBERS
GYM SHOES

KINNEY'S ALWAYS HAVE THE NEWEST STYLES AT POPULAR PRICES.

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FRANK J.

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Phone 254

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RADIOS and VICTROLAS

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. . Phone 578-W . .

Quality Diamonds
Watches & Jewelry
Quality Merchandise
At Right Prices

Koehler's Jewelry
"North Side Jeweler"

JOE KATTNER'S FOOD MARKET

"The Home of
Home Made Sausages"

Complete Line of
GROCERIES & MEATS

1701 MADISON STREET

Phones: 2734 - 2735

INSPIRATION —

(Continued from page 24)

With a sweeping gesture he indicated the now finished charcoal drawing, tucked it under his arm, grabbed his hat, and once more hastened out the door.

* * * * * * *

"Is Mr. Morgan in?" he inquired of the secretary.

"Not at the moment, sir. Is there any message?"

"Just give him this with my compliments. The name is Saunders."

* * * * * * *

Two days later Bill was interrupted while he was revising his *Inspiration*. He was adding a touch of red here and a bit of black there; all in all, he was quite absorbed in his work and consequently was quite angry when the landlady called through the door.

"Telephone, Mr. Saunders, and this time it ain't a creditor; it's a Mr. Morgan."

"What does the wealthy swine want now?" he muttered as he picked up the receiver, "Well?" he asked savagely.

"Oh hello, Saunders, this is Mr. Morgan. Why didn't you tell me you did work like this? I thought you painted."

"I don't believe I understand?"

"The caricature, of course! I think it's great. I can appreciate real art, even if I am the victim. Of course, I wouldn't think of taking it for nothing. You'll get my check for five hundred tomorrow.- - - - - - Hello, hello, Saunders, do you hear me?"

"I'm afraid my husband has fainted, Mr. Morgan. He'll call you later."

Compliments

of

RAHR APPLIANCE CO.

"Manitowoc's Original Complete Appliance Store"

9th and Washington Sts.

. . Phone 2817 . .

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. . . . Revolutionary! Exclusive! . . . . . .

"New Central CLIMATIZER"

- Floor-Level Heat For All Passengers!
- Filtered Fresh Air For Driving Safety!
- No Fogging Or Frosting Of Windows!

SCHEUER AUTO CO.

211 N. 10th Street — Phone 244

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"The Choice of 15,000,000 Housewives"

Faster — Cleaner — More Flexible — More Economical

Wisconsin Fuel & Light Co.

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We Have a Large Line
of
SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Verkins' Music Store

Exclusive Dealer For

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BAND INSTRUMENTS

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MIKADOW

——ALWAYS——

THE MOSTA OF
THE BESTA
FOR THE LEASTA

Schmidtman Co.

Makers of

CAR-FERRY
SCHOOL SUPPLIES

CAR-FERRY—
Quality
Count
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PAPER PRODUCTS

CAR-FERRY
HOUSEHOLD PAPERS
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Schmitz Electric Shop
Washington at 10th
. . Phone 2811-W . .

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Electric Wiring, Radios, Westinghouse Electric Sewing Machines, Water Heaters, Washers, Ironers and Appliances.

Emil Schaus Hardware

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CHECKER CAB
Phone 999
10c per person
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Plumbing & Heating
Established 1898
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40 Years
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Manitowoc's only complete printing plant. Modern equipment and modern ideas, combine to give our clients more for their printing dollar, in quality as well as service. Clients in Wisconsin and 13 other states have found it profitable to secure our ideas and prices.

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Home Made Bakery
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Million Dollar
5c & 10c
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The Store Where Only Quality Merchandise Is Sold at Low Prices.

Latest Hair Styles
QUALITY—SERVICE
AVALON BEAUTY SALON
Phone 3051

DRS. GEHBE & SAVAGE
DENTISTS
Phone 3391
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FRUIT CO.
6th & Quay Phone 1650

Just What Is CLOVER FARM STORES

Clover Farm Stores is a national mutual service group of independent retail and wholesale grocers who are voluntarily associated for their mutual good. There are more than thirty groups of stores comprising the national organization located in twenty-nine states. Each group operates as a unit under the sponsorship of a wholesale grocer who consults and advises with the retail membership on plans and activities.

For the purpose of co-ordinating activities and preparing general plans and policies, Clover Farm Stores maintains national headquarters at Cleveland, Ohio. The headquarters staff is composed of specialists in the various phases of food merchandising who protect and further the interests of all the members.

The membership of Clover Farm Stores is composed of wholesale and retail grocers of the highest calibre who have been accepted after investigation of their financial standing and merchandising aggressiveness. As a result of this policy of admitting to merbership only those merchants who have the ability and the desire to progress, Clover Farm Stores occupies an enviable position of prestige and respect in the food world.

PATRONIZE MANITOU ADVERTISERS

New glory for OLD GLORY —

(Continued from page 15)

sters of ten and twelve years who have drilled in the war routines for several years.

"France . . . Premier Daladier today was criticized for not taking a more definite stand against the Nazis. It is believed that, with the French government in its present shaky condition, he fears the active resentment of any power at this time.

"From Spain comes information that another Loyalist city has been bombed. After two years of civil strife the Spanish government is unable to secure enough support to end the war and the terrible destruction of life and property which is leaving an old country in cold, gray ruins. Listen for another report at nine o'clock tonight."

"China has been a weak country, too, hasn't she?" remarked Bill. "I read today about the awful lot of towns, cities, and industrial plants which have been destroyed by Japan. Japan is ruled by the army, which is continuing this war regardless of the tremendous cost to the people.

"It must be awful to live in one of those countries. We've never had a government to tell us what to wear, what to say, what money we could keep, how many children to have, what to teach them, which church to attend, and all those things. I can't imagine doing these things because a government commanded me to. We Americans have freedom, privacy. We can be individuals in our own right. Gee, Dad, I want to take a deep breath when I realize that this is the air of independence of thought. Say, I'm beginning to see the light!

(Continued on page 78)

For Your Abstracts

See—

GUST EGGERT

Public Abstractor

1528 South 9th Street

Phone 3419-J

What Next?

By BETTY KRAINIK '39

There lived in a dark, spooky house,
Two spinsters, a cat, and a mouse,
The clock struck one,
And when it was done—
Nothing happened.

DO YOU KNOW . . .

that the highlands of Scotland occupy nearly half of the country?

that the Gallic language is still spoken in parts of Scotland?

that three-quarters of Scotland's 4,842,554 inhabitants live in towns or cities?

A sophomore is an abbreviation of a senior, minus ego, plus optimism. —Helen Wallace '41.

CLARENCE KREFT

Ladies and Gents Tailor

Repairing and Pressing

1003 S. 8th St., Manitowoc

Invincible

Metal Furniture Company

Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of

A Complete Line of

Modern Office and Institutional

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Hessel Music House

"The Home of Good Music"

We are now in a better position to serve you musically—just around the corner at

719 Washington Street

Manitowoc Printing Co.

Job Printing of all Kinds

928 S. 9th Phone 187

Are Your Ice Skates In Shape?

If Not, Get Them Sharpened at

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Shoes Shined, Dyed, and Repaired

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"Just What the Name Implies"

Standard Nationally Advertised Merchandise at Lowest Prices.

We handle a complete line of

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Every Item Sold at 100% Guarantee or your money back.

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CHOICEST MEATS

GEIGER & GEISLER Meat Market

Phone 277

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Be Sure Your Hair is Attractively Dressed

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LADY FAIRE BEAUTY SHOPPE

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TIRE & BATTERY SERVICE

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SALES and SERVICE

Let Us Give You an Estimate On Making Your WRECKED CAR As Good As New in Our Modern Paint Shop. Authorized DUCO Dealers. Factory Trained Mechanics.

BEAR Axle and Frame Straightening Equipment.

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9th & Franklin Streets

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Give Your Dog a BANQUET

by Feeding Him

Purina Dog Chow

A tasty, savory dog food made of an abundance of lean cuts of meat, dried milk, corn meal, bran flakes, oat meal, cod liver oil, and molasses.

Order a 5 lb. Sack of Dog Chow to keep him feeling "on top of the world."

•

KELLNER BROS. CO.

9th and Chicago Sts. Phone 98

New glory for OLD GLORY —

(*Continued from page 75*)

I think I understand what feelings our ancestors had when they saw the flag. To us today it ought to signify something lofty and superior to any other flag on the face of the globe. I hope that the ideal embodied in it will never be lost to America. We have taken our great gift too lightly; we have pushed its significance into the background. If we are careless, we deserve to lose the glory of OLD GLORY."

We knew it was now or never to get REVENGE —

(*Continued from page 13*)

extremely so, and the mention of Hawthorne was enough to make him see bright red. His anger mounted at every gift of candy that the "rich loafer" sent her. His hatred knew no bounds when he saw the shining black car arrive to take Judy for a ride. But the spark that finally blew the lid off Joe's patience came when Judy let fall a choice pearl of information. Geoffrey P. Hawthorne called her, Judy, his "Princess!" That spelled only one thing to Joe Armstrong—**WAR!**

Joe had been born and raised on the East Side of the big city, knew its ways and its ways only. Naturally, when he thought of vengeance, he didn't think of diplomacy. He thought of action—hard, cold, deliberate action. That was why he was standing in a black alley near Judy's home now, freezing, but determined. Twenty minutes before, a hated black car had driven up to the curb. The odious person of Mr. Geoffrey P. Hawthorne had been spared once when it crossed the mouth of the alley and entered the house next to it for the purpose, Joe knew, of calling for Judy. Judy had told him she was going to the theater with the man. In a few minutes now, both would emerge from the house. Judy would be present to witness his revenge, a revenge sudden and dramatic. Then—they were coming. Joe clenched tighter the hard object in his hand. In a second they would reach the alley. It was now or never! It was now!

Out of the darkness hurtled a single missile! A small girl screamed and dropped the little sack of candy she was carrying, as the black top hat of her companion flew from his head and fell battered into the snow. Little Joe Armstrong, aged ten, stayed only long enough to smile with satisfaction at the havoc his snowball had created, long enough to give a good loud Bronx cheer! Then he scooted for home!

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Highest Quality Dairy Products

and

Ice Cream

—CALL—

SORGE'S DAIRY CO.

Phone 329

STUDENTS!

Have your name and address printed on your stationery!

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A glorious parade of smart writing paper, inexpensive and of excellent quality.

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If you are looking for Quality
If you are looking for Style
If you are looking for Variety

You Can Always Do Better At

BERK'S

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The

Coney Island

"People eat because they have to—

We serve you because we like to."

. . . . .

NEXT TO ELK'S CLUB

Drs. Aldridge & Belson

Eye

Ear

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WOOD BLOCK BUILDING

Phone 197

Michael G. Lutz

Tailoring

906 Jay Street

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Physician & Surgeon

Manitowoc, Wis.

Office: Vogelsang Bldg.

Phone 202-W.

Only the Best

KIPEN'S

Fruit and

Vegetable Market

Phone 623 207 N. 8th St.

"THAT'S MY STORY"

by ALVIN LOEFFLER '39

I set me down to write a story,
But what to write, gee gosh, by glory!
It's far from me to find a plot;
The time's going fast, I'm on the spot.
Pop, on his way to hit the hay,
Looks in my door inquiringly.
A dirty look, I shoo him out;
This story of mine, oh, I could shout!
Doggone this room, it's awfully cold,
So I get up, put on my robe.
Returning, then I scratch my head
But all I think of is to bed.
I dash a few words on my sheet;
Some how or other, ends don't meet.
Oh, what's the use, it won't make sense;
And I'm left settin' on the fence.
Should or shouldn't I, what d'you say,
Tackle this thing some other day?
I'll put aside until tomorrow!
That's one goodbye that wasn't sorrow.
I dive in bed without my prayers,
No noises come from 'way downstairs.
Escaped one task but, nuts, can't sleep—
Conclusion—world's made just to weep.

Mark L. Hooper

Certified

Public Accountant

Commerce Building

Coffee and . . .

at

White House Lunch

End of Spring Street

UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

Prices from
$29. 75 to $78.50

Reconditioned Machines
$15.00 and up.

Ribbons — Carbon Paper

SERVICE
by
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Maker of Good Clothes

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Alimony Department
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Collects delinquent real estate and personal property taxes.
Receives all money due the county.
Gives out all county checks.

Supervisor of Assessments
ARTHUR SCHROEDER

County Clerk
ALBERT W. TETZLAFF

Register of Deeds
JOSEPH M. ZAHORIK
Custodian of all records pertaining to real and personal estate, birth, death, and marriage records, and soldiers' discharges.

Veteran Service Officer
T. C. ECKHART
Attends to all veteran affairs.

County Probate Court
Presided over by
JUDGE E. S. SCHMITZ

District Attorney
PATRICK DEWANE

Municipal Court
Presided over by
JUDGE O. T. BREDESEN

County Supt. of Schools
E. S. MUELLER

Sheriff of Manitowoc County
NORMAN BERKEDAL

A. J. ZIMMER, D.D.S.

VOGELSANG BUILDING

EIGHTH AND FRANKLIN STS.

PHONE 1558

MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN

Rest Cure?

People who think that politicians don't work hard enough ought to go on a few fishing trips themselves.

Connie Kress '40

Simplicity

To simplify work, man makes a complicated machine.

Bonnie Ludwig '41

FRONK & BERZINSKY AGENCY

"Complete Insurance Service"

Manitowoc, Wis.

Phone 21 Commerce Bldg.

℞ Yes, this is a Drug Store. We are proud of that fact. Proud that ours is an establishment where the Prescription department is neither a neglected sideline nor a mellow memory.

Because our prescription volume is large, our overhead is small. Our stocks move very rapidly, assuring you fresh, potent drugs. And you will find that our prices are always fair.

May we have the privilege of filling the next prescription you get from your doctor?

Chas. A. Groffman

PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY

925 South Eighth St. Manitowoc, Wis.

Phone 2

A DATE WITH JOHNNY —

(*Continued from page 34*)

Johnny . . Aw, lay off! It was all your fault, anyway.

Gracie . . My fault!

Johnny . . Sure! If you had gone with me, it wouldn't have happened.

Gracie . . But I didn't go, and you made up for it by eating my share of food.

Johnny . . Gee, you catch on fast! Went down to Two Rivers last week with a gang of boys. Tried to find a babe at *Beerntsen's*, but they were pretty well picked over by then—so we stagged it.

Gracie . . Oh, I bet you had a good time. Don't you think it's just as much fun that way?

Johnny . . Don't talk like a fish. You can't smooch with a boy.

Gracie . . Oh, so that's what you take me out for!

Johnny . . Aw, now Gracie, you know that isn't true—course it isn't a bad idea now that you mentioned it.

Gracie . . Why, Johnny, you're not going to park, are you?

Johnny . . Sure, I am. I'm not gonna be a sucker all my life. Gee, that moon looks pretty on the water. Say a-a-a-, Gracie—can—I-a-a-a kiss ya—just once?

The Stolen Painting —

(*Continued from page 58*)

JUL. . . . . Oh, he hasn't anything else on his mind, Grandma, honestly. All he did while you were gone was study.

MRS. B. . . . . It certainly is peculiar that you two are on such friendly terms. When I said anything about Bob before, you jumped at the chance to get him in trouble.

JUL. . . . . Why, Grandma, you know we are always friends.

MRS. B. . . . . You may be friends, but you aren't always this friendly. (*She sees Prof.*) Professor, you are just the person I wanted to see. How is Bob coming?

PROF. . . . . He is progressing nicely, Mrs. Barnett. He also shows more interest in his studies, and I am sure he can pass the entrance examinations easily. That is, of course, if he keeps up as he started.

MRS. B. . . . . I'm glad to hear that, Professor.

BOB . . . . . (*Enters.*) Boy, that chocolate pie was good!

JUL. . . . . You surely acted that way. Did Maggie make an extra one just for you?

BOB . . . . . I noticed you liked it pretty well yourself.

MRS. B. . . . . That's enough of the pie question. What I want to know is what you two did while I was gone. There's something that you are trying to keep from me. (*Bob and Juliana look at each other guiltily.*)

BOB . . . . . Nothing has happened.

JUL. . . . . Really, it hasn't Grandma.

MRS. B. . . . . (*Sniffing around.*) What is that awful odor? I noticed it when I came in. (*She moves towards the fireplace. Juliana and Bob try to keep her away.*)

JUL. . . . . Grandma, Kenneth has arranged the flowers around the terrace. It's a lovely view. (*Juliana walks to the windows.*) Come over here and see. (*Enter James hurriedly from French windows, as Mrs. Barnett starts towards them.*)

JAMES . . . . Mrs. Barnett! Mrs. Barnett!

MRS. B. . . . . For heaven's sake, what's wrong, man?

JAMES . . . . It's Kenneth, mam', he fell from his ladder near the bathhouse and was hurt.

MRS. B. . . . . Bob, you and Professor Hibbard go with James and bring Kenneth here. (*They exit.*) Juliana, get some hot water and towels from the kitchen.
(*She exits L. Mrs. Barnett straightens the pillows on the davenport, until Bob, James, and Prof. Hibbard enter, carrying Kenneth.*)

MRS. B. . . . . Lay him here. (*Indicates davenport.*)

JUL. . . . . (*Entering.*) Here're the the water and towels.
(*Mrs. Barnett administers aid. All except Prof. crowd around.*)

PROF. . . . . I can't be of assistance right now. If you want me, I'll be in my room. (*Exits. But no one pays any attention.*)

JUL. . . . . Is he unconscious?

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MRS. B. . . . . He seems to be trying to say something about Professor Hibbard. I can't make it out.

BOB . . . . . Maybe the Professor knows what he is trying to say.

JUL. . . . . Shall I ask him to come down here?

BOB . . . . . Isn't he here?

JUL. . . . . He went to his room, but you were too busy to notice.

MRS. B. . . . . Run and get him, Bob. Juliana, get some brandy. James, get some blankets. I think Kenneth is coming to, and I don't want him to get chilled.
(*They all exit. Mrs. Barnett applies compresses to Kenneth's head.*)

BOB . . . . . (*Entering from L. and running.*) Grandma, he isn't there and his clothes are gone.

MRS. B. . . . . We will look into that later. Right now, it must be quiet in here.

JUL. . . . . (*Enters from L.*) Here is the brandy, Grandma. (*She hands it to Mrs. Barnett.*)

JAMES . . . . (*Enters and covers Kenneth with quilt.*) Is that enough cover, Mrs. Barnett?

MRS. B. . . . . (*Giving Kenneth brandy.*) Yes, plenty.

KEN . . . . . (*Moves and moans.*) Get Hibbard! Get Professor Hibbard! Don't let him get away. (*He faints again, and Mrs. Barnett loosens his coat.*)

(*Continued on page 87*)

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Kitchen Episode— (*Continued from page 42*)

least you tried. We'll leave you to do the explaining, and we'll try our luck with a lad of a little more ability.

And now we're ready for a sneak-feast with a boy who knows the ropes of this game—Tech Neek. Tech has commandeered so many drumsticks in his day that once in a while he gulps down a cold boiled potato just for variety. For tonight's show, though, he's out for the traditional big game. And from the first desire to possess illegal fowl to the final smack of satisfaction, Tech shows he is a true artist. Not a spring squeaks as he slides out of bed. Doors open slowly, one inch an hour, it seems, and those harsh squeaks that Joe Dub produced are reduced to contented little sighs. Tech's bare tootsies don't make a sound as they glide over rugs, and once the paternal bedroom is passed, a small flashlight points out possible noisemakers. A keen memory proves a good weapon against waxed floors, so Tech gains the door of the treasure vault in safety. Now comes the crucial test!

As the white door swings back on its hinges, revealing its secreted valuables, Tech's deft fingers go to work. Cold asparagus, sour red beets, cold potatoes—phooie! All these are carefully set on the floor to make access to the bigger loot easier. Cold chicken lying there asking to be eaten—food for a king! And everything is accomplished without a hitch. Old Tech Neek doesn't pull any dumb boners that spoil his fun. He just eats and enjoys. What a man!

And there, pal, you have it. Isn't there a technique in being a good kitchen-jipper? You bet there is! Ice Box Raiding is a science, a fine art. Gosh, I wish I could get the hang of it!

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THE DINER with the too greedy appetite—

(*Continued from page 33*)

choking and spluttering as the scalding liquid burned his throat.

Although contrary to custom, he finished the steak and trimmings first, and then started on the soup. Delicately dipping his little finger in the bowl to make sure the contents were of the right eating temperature, he picked up a spoon and fruitlessly attempted to coax a noodle into its hollow. It seems that the tug-of-war favored the noodle instead of the usually unconquerable spoon, for when our greedy diner tried to pull the lengthy noodle into the spoon he was always met with defeat, and perhaps the law of gravity had something to do with it. The noodle slipped back into the bowl with a gentle, juicy splash.

A delighted spectator started to sing in a flat key, "The dipsy noodle —" and his dinner companions, who had also become interested in the performance at the center table, all joined in the refrain, roaring with laughter.

Disgusted, the noodle victim shouted for a waiter to remove "the blasted snake-soup and bring back something that would fit into a spoon."

Finally, after consuming, with much "slup-ping" and "slurp-ping," a substitute bowl of tomato soup, the diner with the too-greedy appetite laid the required amount of money plus his usual generous five-cent tip for the waiter on the thoroughly soiled tablecloth. Then, wiping a stained vest with a napkin, he pushed back his chair, stuck a toothpick and cigar-stub between contented, drooping lips, and with a parting belch, sauntered through the restaurant door.

I Would Say . .

by BEN HANSEN '39

Lake Michigan: Millions and millions of tons of pounding, smashing turbulence.

Snow: Soft, billowy, fleecy-like mounds of fresh sparkling cotton.

Rainbow: A great series of beautiful stripes laid out across the sky.

TIME, enemy of school days

(*Continued from page 45*)

up the steps to a new manner of life. The moments that followed that introduction are crowded with memories of band tournaments, exams, out-of-town-games, programs, and innumerable other incidents. With such a host of happy reminders of past pleasures, all bringing a speed to the passage of time that is utterly beyond logical conception, is it any wonder that we sit back and ponder over the problems of where these school years have gone so rapidly?

The fact that happy times seem to be "over before they start" cannot be altered. To me, the best course seems to lie in snatching every opportunity I have of getting the most out of these four years. In a few more months, unsympathetic superiors may step not-too-gently on my attempts to carry out my ideas independently, may force me to do things that aren't exactly to my choosing. Until then, fellows, the world is ours, time's awastin', so let's go!

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Modernized EDUCATION

by CAROL PASEWALK '40

In the present era of modern teaching methods, the famous three "R's" have become but a small part of the typical school curriculum. At one time, "readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic" may have been sufficient in the way of education, but today a much more complete knowledge is necessary if we are to maintain our present high standard of living.

Along with the increase and advancement in all studies, our schools began to develop extra-curricular activities, chiefly to promote interest and enjoyment among the students. The approval and enthusiasm with which this addition was received encouraged further development. Today, athletics, forensics, music, publications, clubs, and various similiar activities have become so important that it is difficult to believe that these things were, at one time, unheard of in relation to education.

Recently, several schools have introduced ballroom dancing and automobile driving into their extra-curricular programs. Our grandparents, and even some of our parents, shake their heads in dismay and wonder "what the world is coming to." And yet, is this modern trend in education such an unusual thing? We are living in an ever-changing, ever-advancing civilization. If we are going to receive any real value from education, it too must be advanced to meet our new requirements. Education must be modernized.

The Stolen Painting —

(Continued from page 83)

MRS. B. . . . . (*Suddenly.*) Quick, get Professor Hibbard! Don't let him get away! Hurry!

(*Juliana, Bob, and James exit through the French windows.*)

KEN . . . . . (*Trying to sit up.*) Oh, my head!

MRS. B. . . . . How do you feel now?

KEN . . . . . Did they get the Professor?

MRS. B. . . . . I don't know yet. They went after him, but they aren't back yet. I'd like to ask you a few questions, if you feel well enough.

KEN . . . . . I feel well enough, though my head still hurts.

MRS. B. . . . . Why are you posing as a gardener?

KEN . . . . . (*Feigning surprise.*) I really am a gardener.

MRS. B. . . . . You're the first gardener I ever had who wore a secret service badge inside his coat. I saw it when you were unconscious. You might as well tell me what it's all about.

KEN . . . . . I was sent to locate Pete the Painter, known to you as Professor Hibbard. We thought he might be responsible for the robbery of a number of paintings around this vicinity. I recognized him immediately, even in disguise. I didn't arrest him, because I was shadowing him to find where he hid the pictures.

MRS. B. . . . . Did you find them?

KEN . . . . . Yes, I was trying to get them when the ladder tipped. I hope they are still there.

(*Enter Juliana, James, and Bob, with Prof. in their midst. His arms are tied.*)

JUL. . . . . We got him.

BOB . . . . . He was in the motor boat, but couldn't get it started.

JAMES . . . . It was a jolly tussle.

BOB . . . . . We got your picture, too.

MRS. B. . . . . It seems that you owe me an explanation. First, you all act so peculiar, then my picture is returned and I didn't even know it was stolen, Kenneth turns out to be a G-man—

BOB and JUL. . . (*Interrupting.*) He is? Honestly?

MRS. B. . . . . One at a time, please.

JUL. . . . . You tell her, Bob.

BOB . . . . . Your picture was stolen last night. We noticed it after some of my friends had gone. We didn't want you to know so we bought another to take its place. Kenneth made the frame look older so you wouldn't notice the change.

JUL. . . . . The varnish he used was the odor you noticed.

BOB . . . . . That's all I know.

MRS. B. . . . . Kenneth has explained the rest. Professor Hibbard is really an escaped convict.

JUL. . . . . Who is going to help Bob the rest of the summer with his mathematics..

BOB . . . . . Shut up!

MRS. B. . . . . Things seem to be back to normal with you two.

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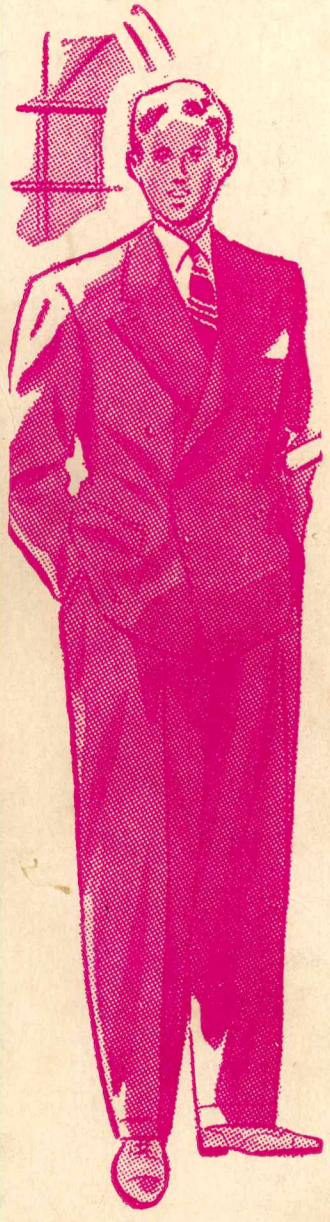

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